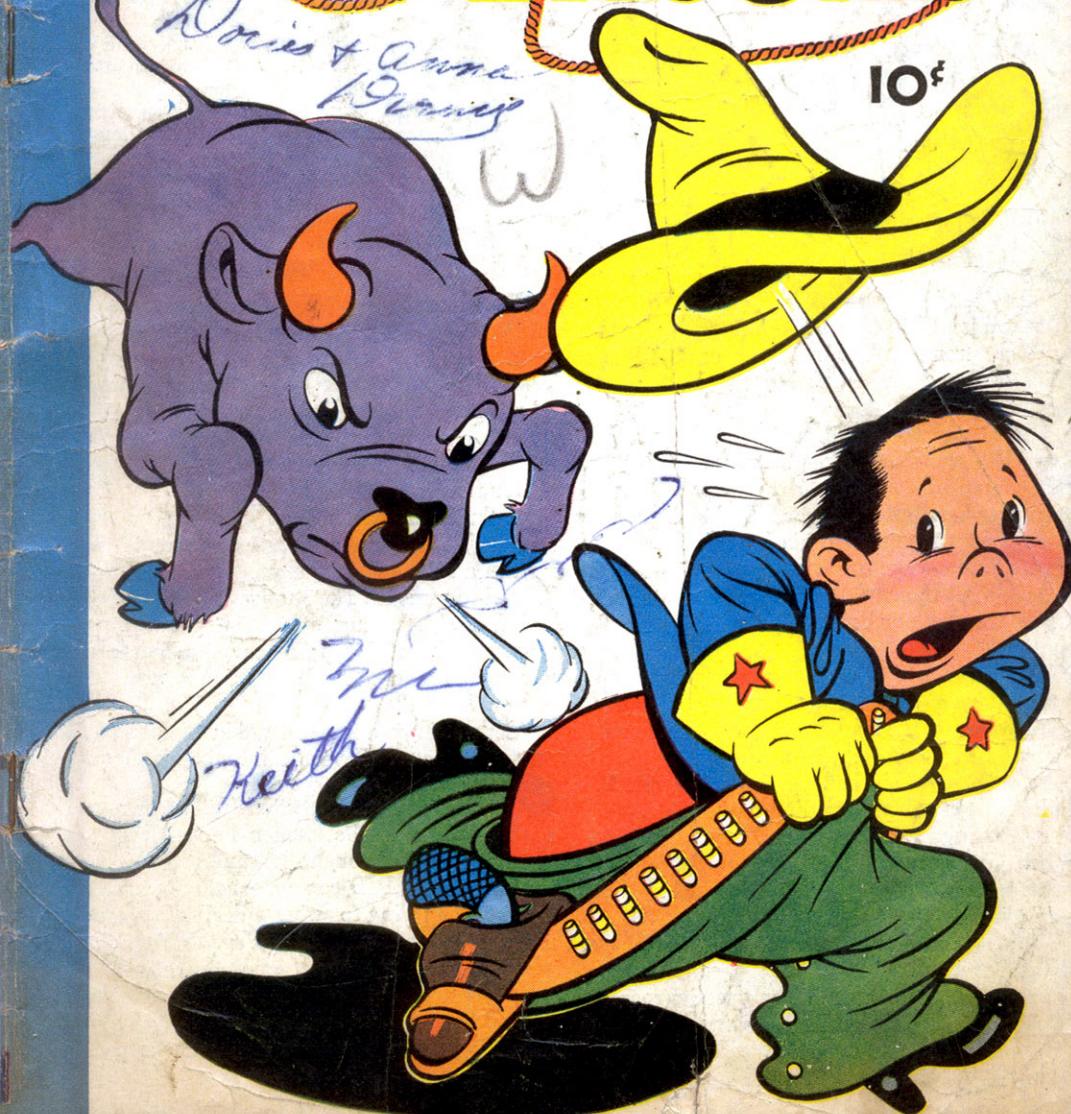


NO.3

# COWBOYS 'n' INJUNS

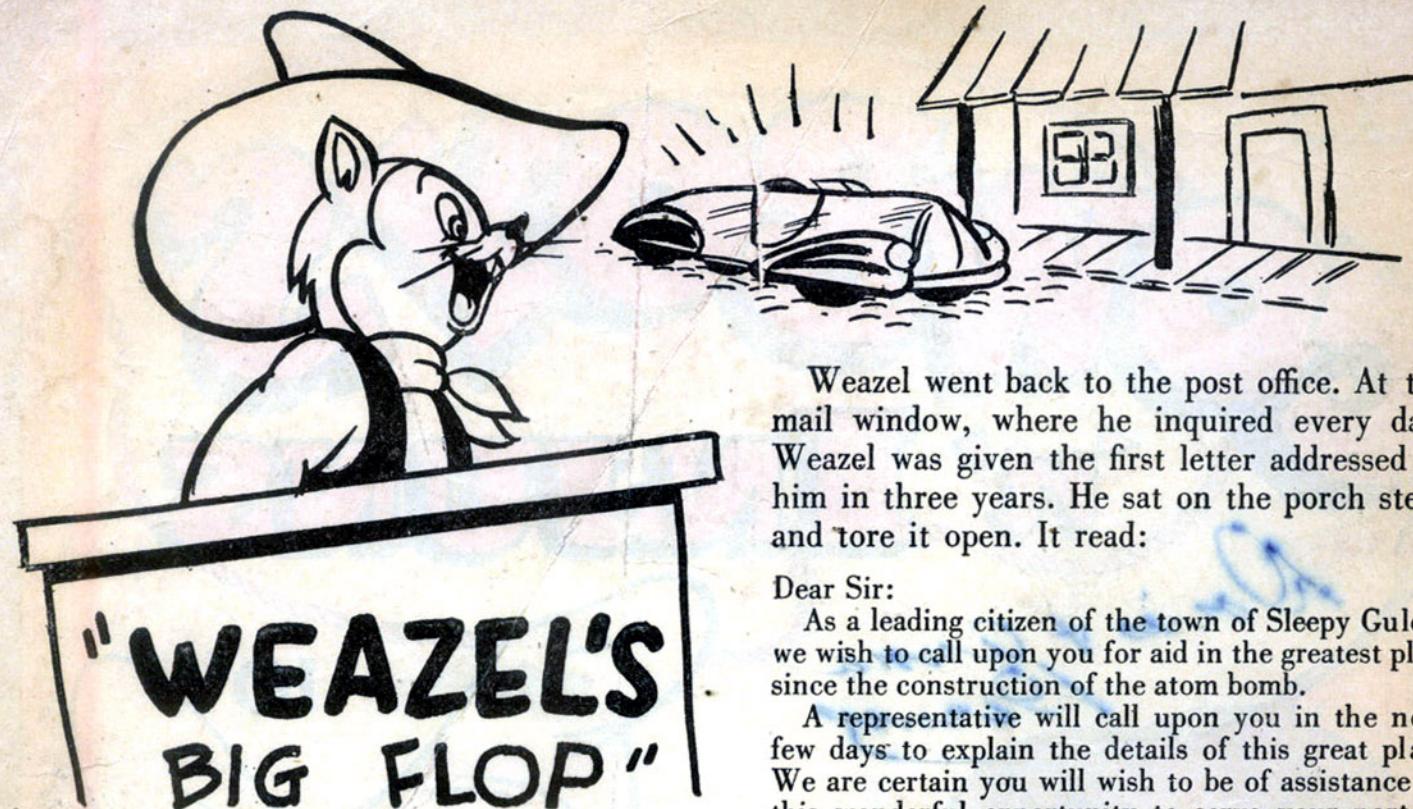
Doris & Anna  
Dorothy

10¢



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





## "WEAZEL'S BIG FLOP"

THE character in the broad-brimmed hat and the tight pants walked over to the post office porch.

"They tell me yer name is Waggin' Weazel. Is there a joint fer me to bed down in tonight?"

"Wal, stranger, there's a room over at our ranch. Come on over—we'll see what Ma Stomp has ter say."

Weazel and the stranger set off down the road. The man who wanted a room certainly didn't seem like a Westerner. In fact, Weazel had never heard such strange talk. The hombre made everything sound like a smart crack. Where did he come from?

As Weazel thought, the stranger chatted on. "Slick country out here. What do ya do fer a big time?"

"We have our ways of entertaining ourselves. Always something happenin'." Weazel didn't question the man, because out West you waited until a man felt like talking.

By this time they had arrived at the ranch and Ma Stomp came bristling out, walking as fast as though she didn't have a wooden leg. When Weazel told her what the stranger wanted—a bunk for the night—Ma looked the man over with her careful squint.

"All rightie," she finally decided. "Come right after me."

They both followed Ma to an upstairs room. The stranger explained that his suitcase was at the station. Ma Stomp and Weazel left him alone in the room.

Weazel went back to the post office. At the mail window, where he inquired every day, Weazel was given the first letter addressed to him in three years. He sat on the porch steps and tore it open. It read:

Dear Sir:

As a leading citizen of the town of Sleepy Gulch, we wish to call upon you for aid in the greatest plan since the construction of the atom bomb.

A representative will call upon you in the next few days to explain the details of this great plan. We are certain you will wish to be of assistance in this wonderful opportunity to serve your part of the country.

Sincerely yours,

Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.

Signed: I. Stall

Weazel read the missive three times. True, he was about the leadingest citizen of the county and they had come to the right person. True, he would like to have "this wonderful opportunity to serve his part of the country!" But what was it? Did they want him to run for Senator? Then an idea struck, and Weazel was off for the ranch like a bullet.

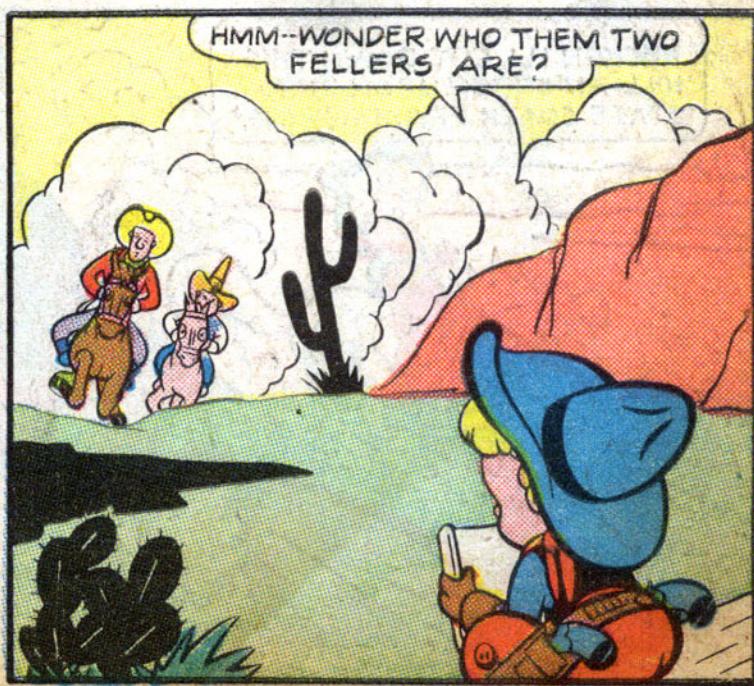
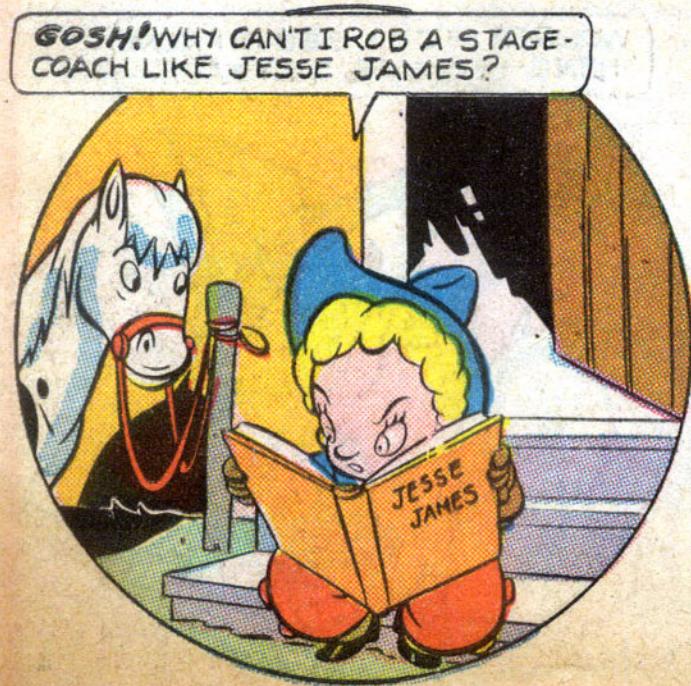
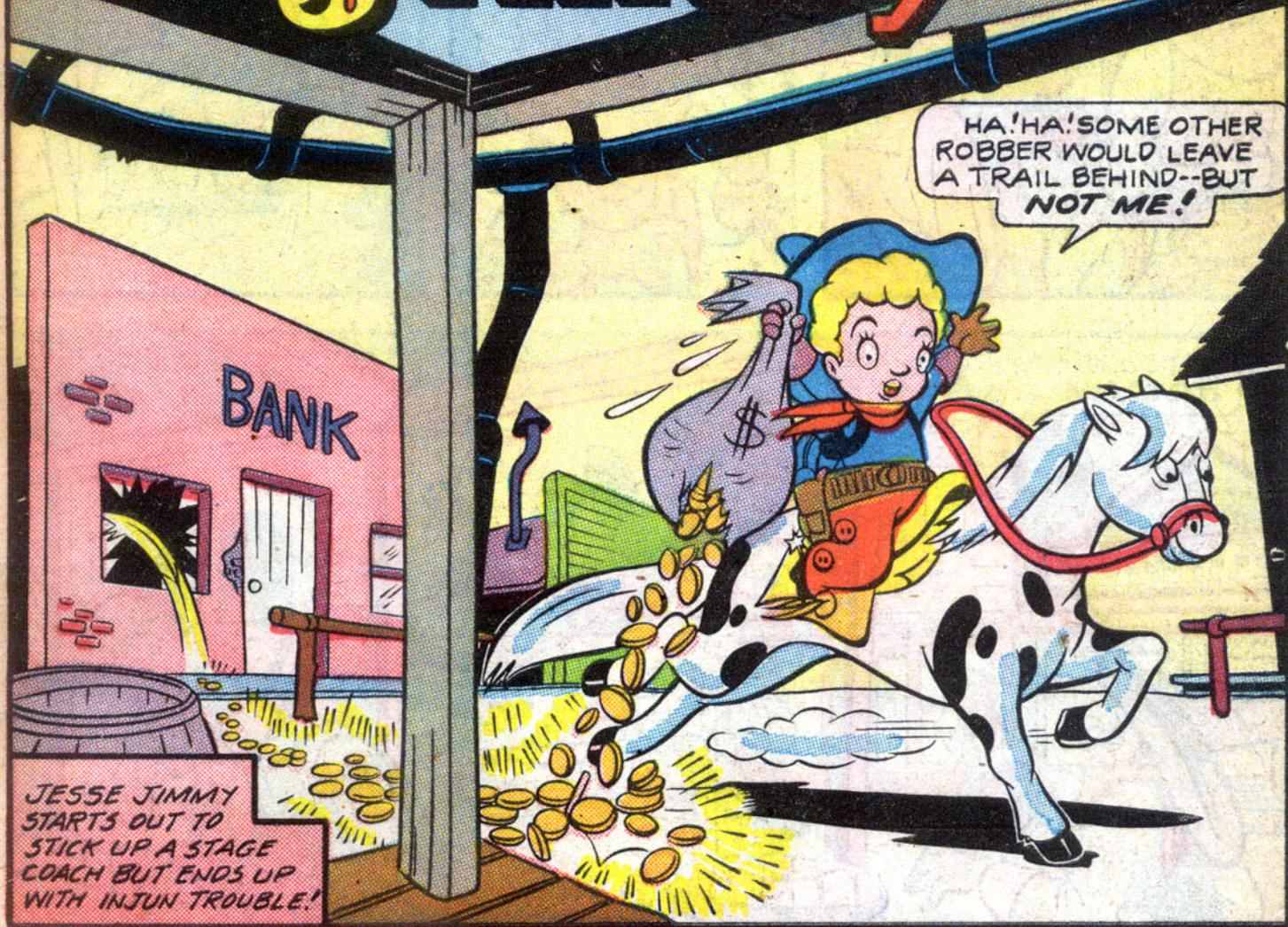
In three minutes he was knocking on the stranger's door. When it opened, he found the man in a robe and very sleepy-eyed. He asked Weazel to come in. The stranger sat on the bed and Weazel, standing, talked fast: "Are yuh a representative of the Acme Acme Ace Star Co.? 'Cause if yuh are, ah'm the leading citizen yuh come tuh see!!"

"Sorry, kid, yah must be talkin' about some other character. Never heard of this Acme outfit!"

Weazel was thunderstruck. He had been so sure! He left. In the kitchen he sat down to think. Then he thought he understood. The critter upstairs DID come from that company, but he was trying to swing a deal of his own! He was going to take his, Waggin' Weazel's, place! He was going to get credit for the plan—whatever it was. Weazel pulled out the envelope he had received and scrutinized it carefully for an address. There was none! Even the postmark was obscured.

(Continued on inside back cover)

# Jesse Jimmy

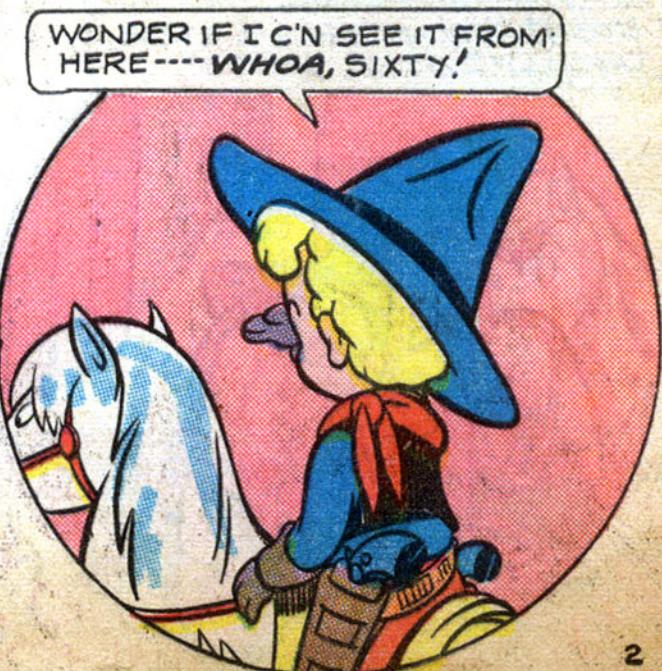
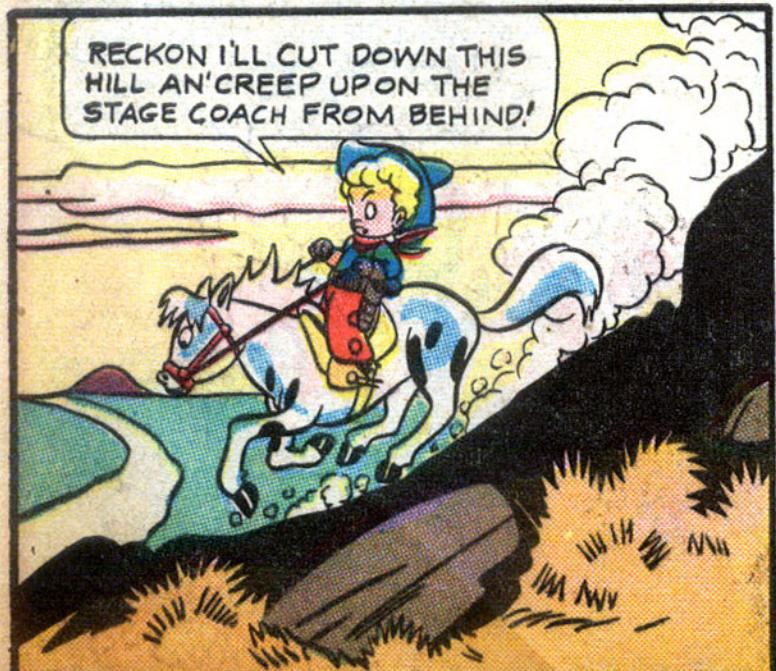
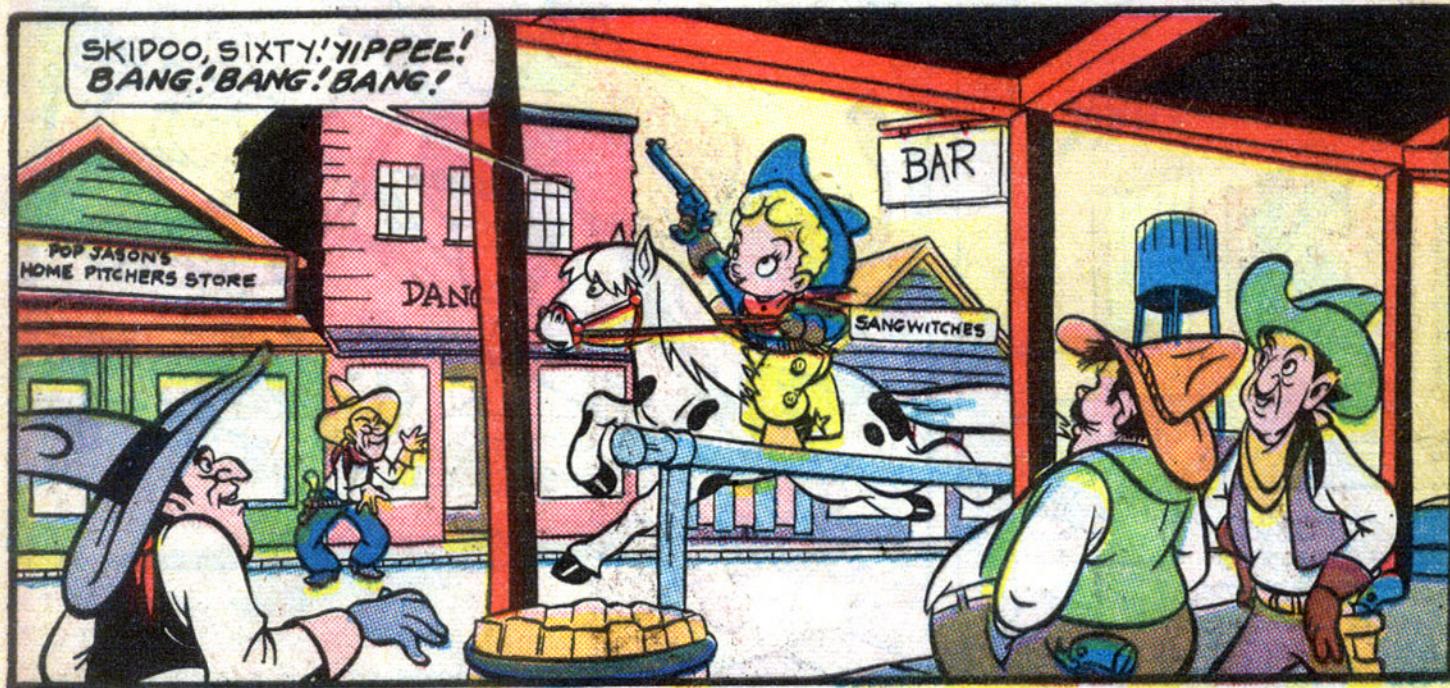
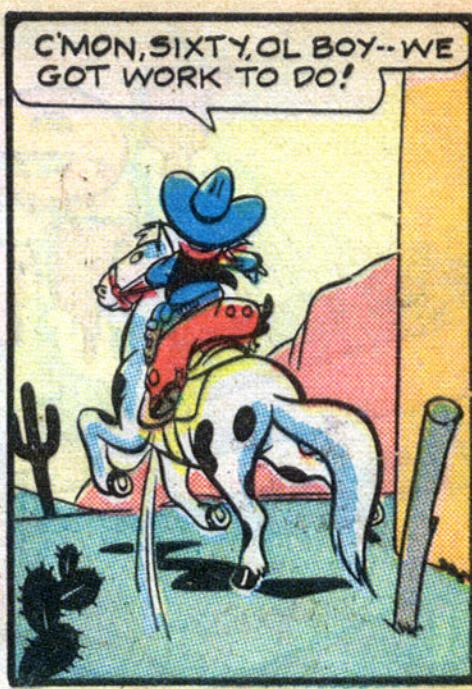
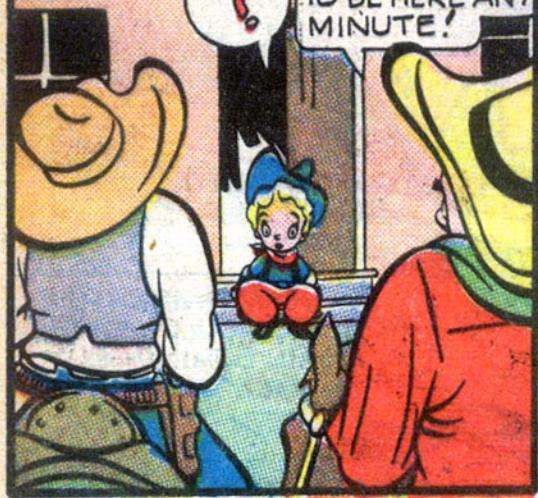


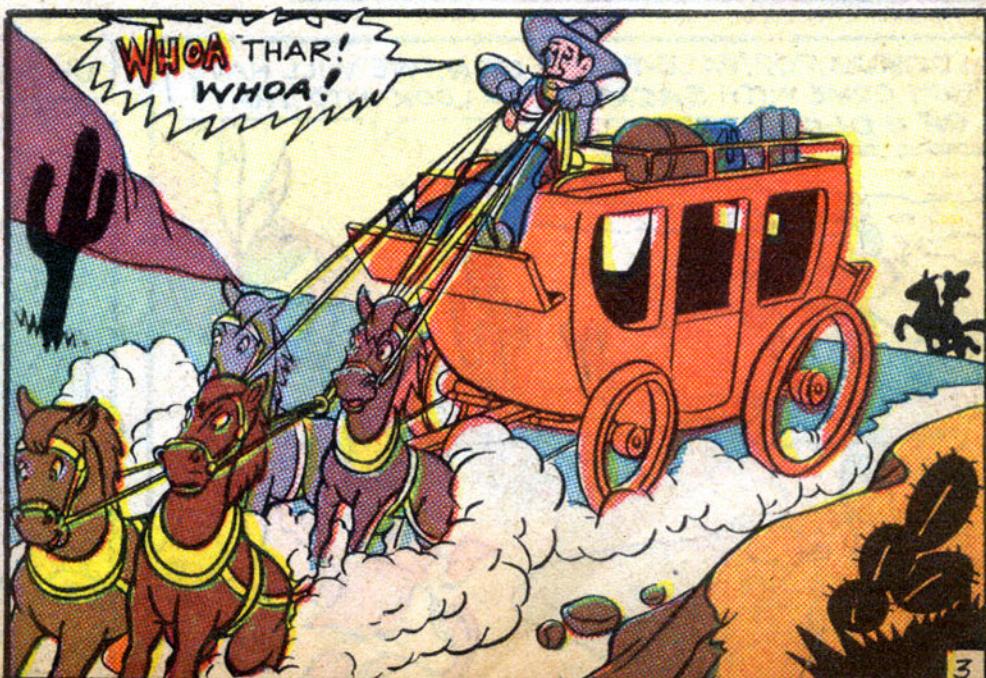
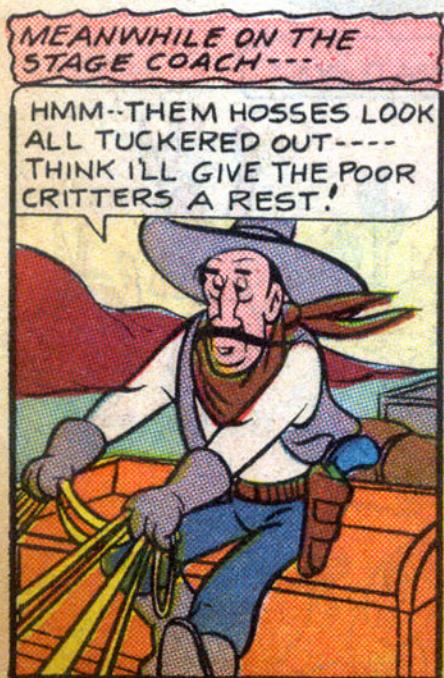
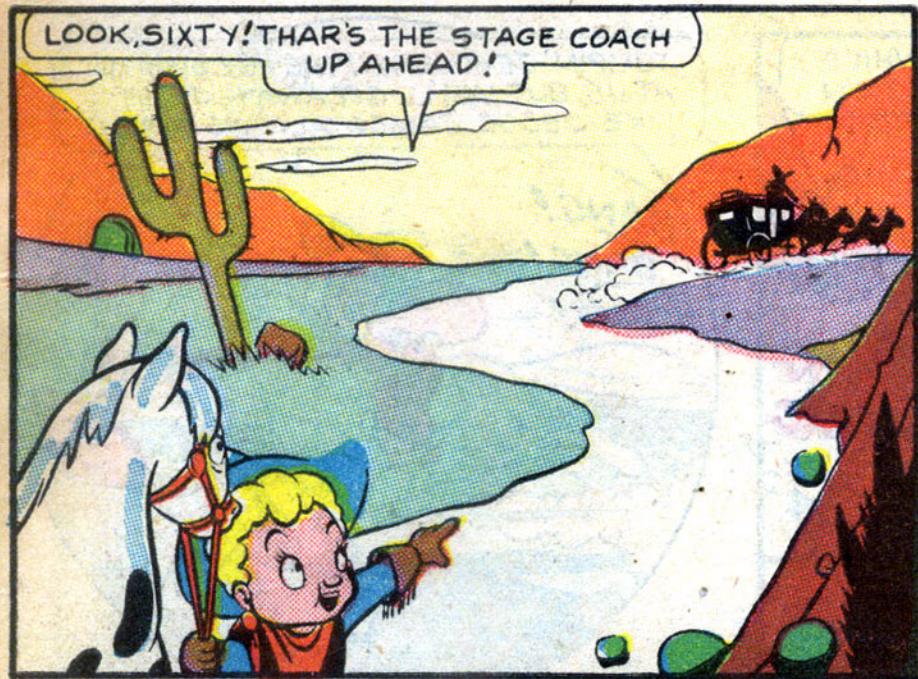
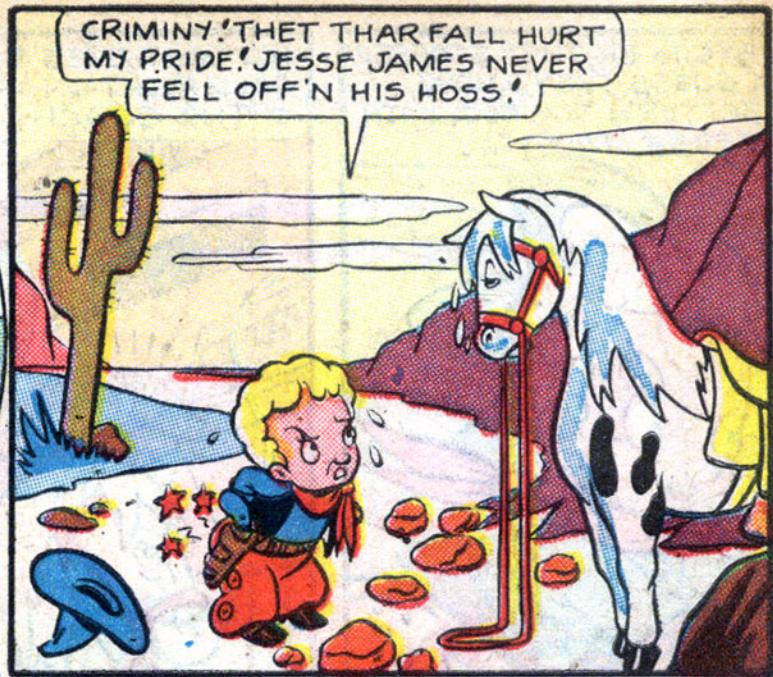
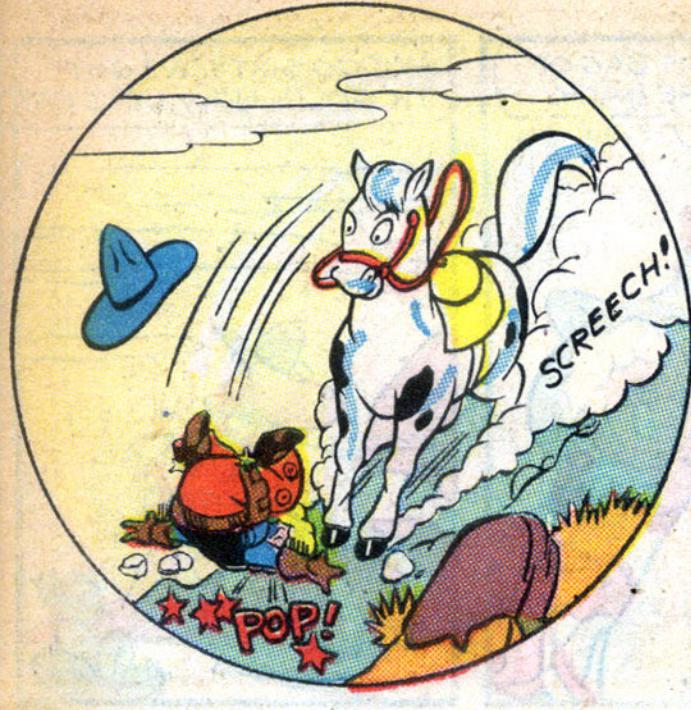
I TELL YA, SLIM,  
WHAT WE NEED  
IS MORE GOLD!

WERE GITTIN'  
MORE GOLD!  
IT'S COMIN' IN  
ON THE STAGE  
COACH. OUGHT  
TO BE HERE ANY  
MINUTE!

BY THUNDER! HERE'S  
MAH CHANCE! I'LL HOLD  
UP THE STAGE COACH  
AND STEAL THE GOLD.  
LIKE JESSE JAMES!

C'MON, SIXTY, OL BOY--WE  
GOT WORK TO DO!

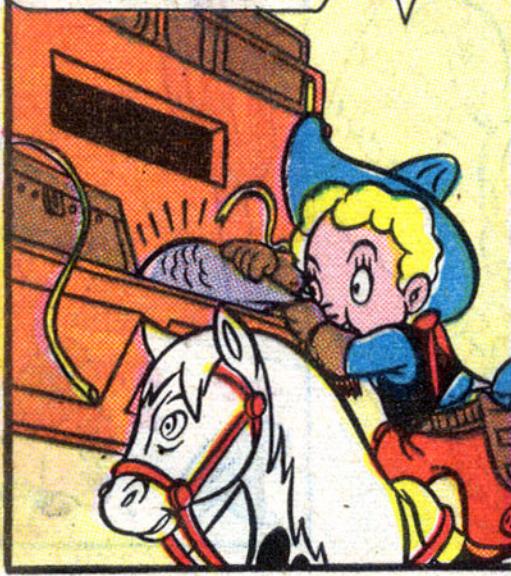




BY GINGER, THEY STOPPED!  
I GUESS THEY KNOW  
BETTER'N TUH FOOL WITH  
JESSE JIMMY!



HOT DOG! HERE'S THE BAG OF  
GOLD RIGHT ON THE BACK  
O' THE COACH!



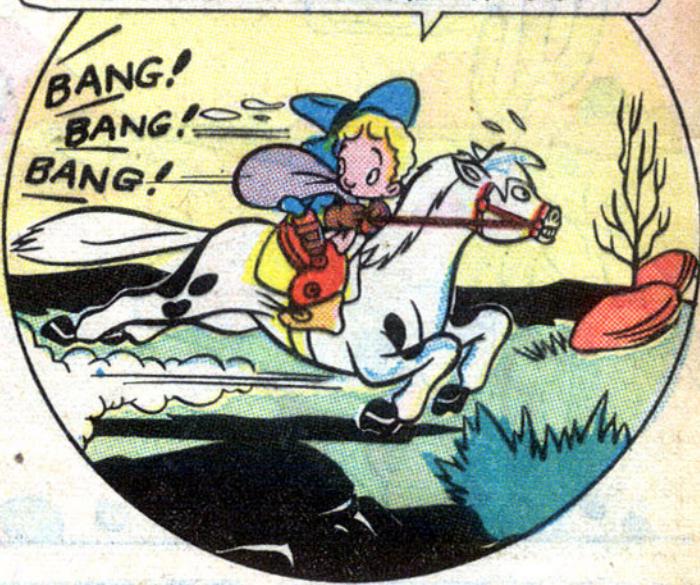
SKIDOO, SIXTY! WE GOT  
TH' GOLD--NOW LET'S GIT!



THINK I'LL PRACTICE SHOOTIN' WHILE  
THE HOSSES REST--WONDER IF I C'N  
HIT THET CAN!

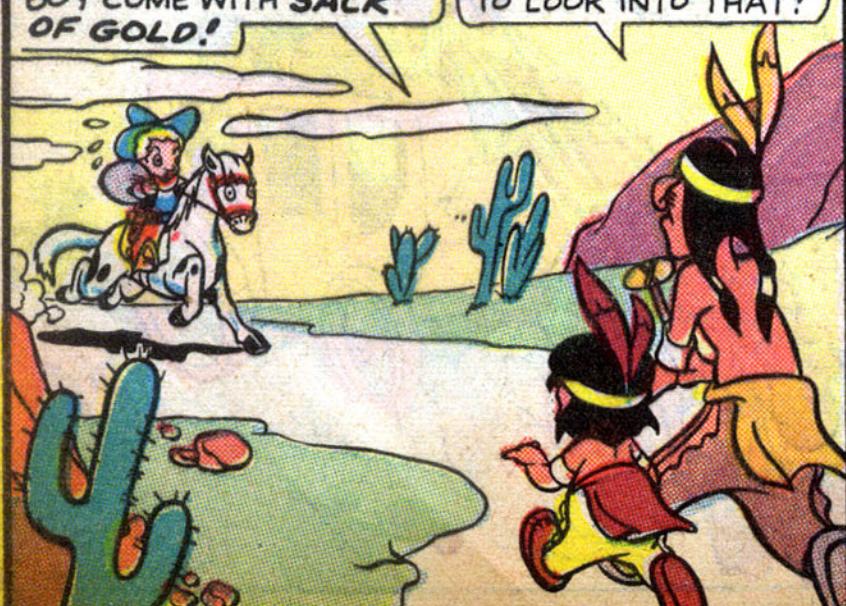


JUMPIN' JEHOSEFAT! THEY'RE SHOOTIN'  
AT US, BUT WE'LL GIT AWAY--JUST  
LIKE JESSE JAMES ALWAYS DID!



LOOKUM, POP! PALE-FACE  
BOY COME WITH SACK  
OF GOLD!

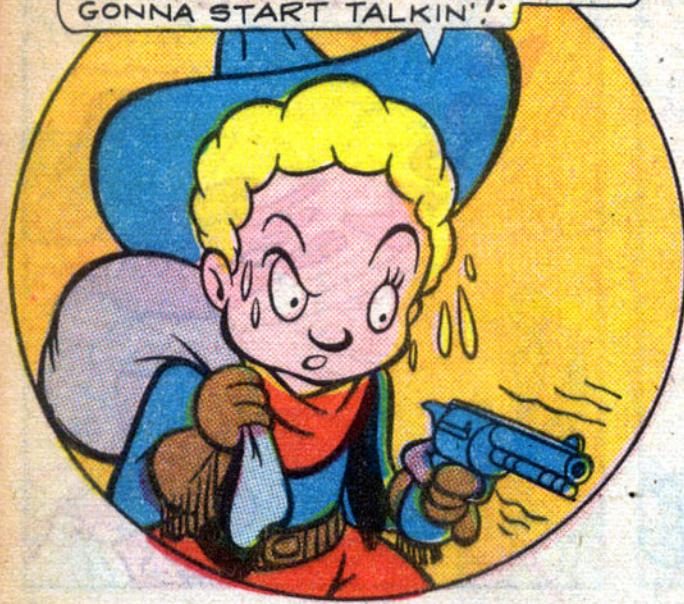
UGH! WE WILL HAVE  
TO LOOK INTO THAT!



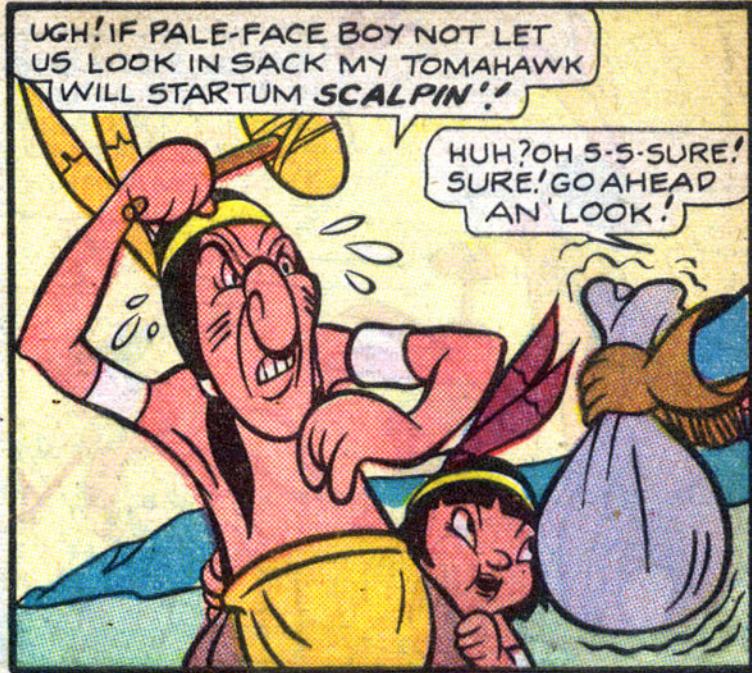
UH OH! INJUNS!



GIT OUTA MY WAY, YOU INJUNS--IF YA  
DON'T, MY TRUSTY SIX SHOOTER IS  
GONNA START TALKIN'!-



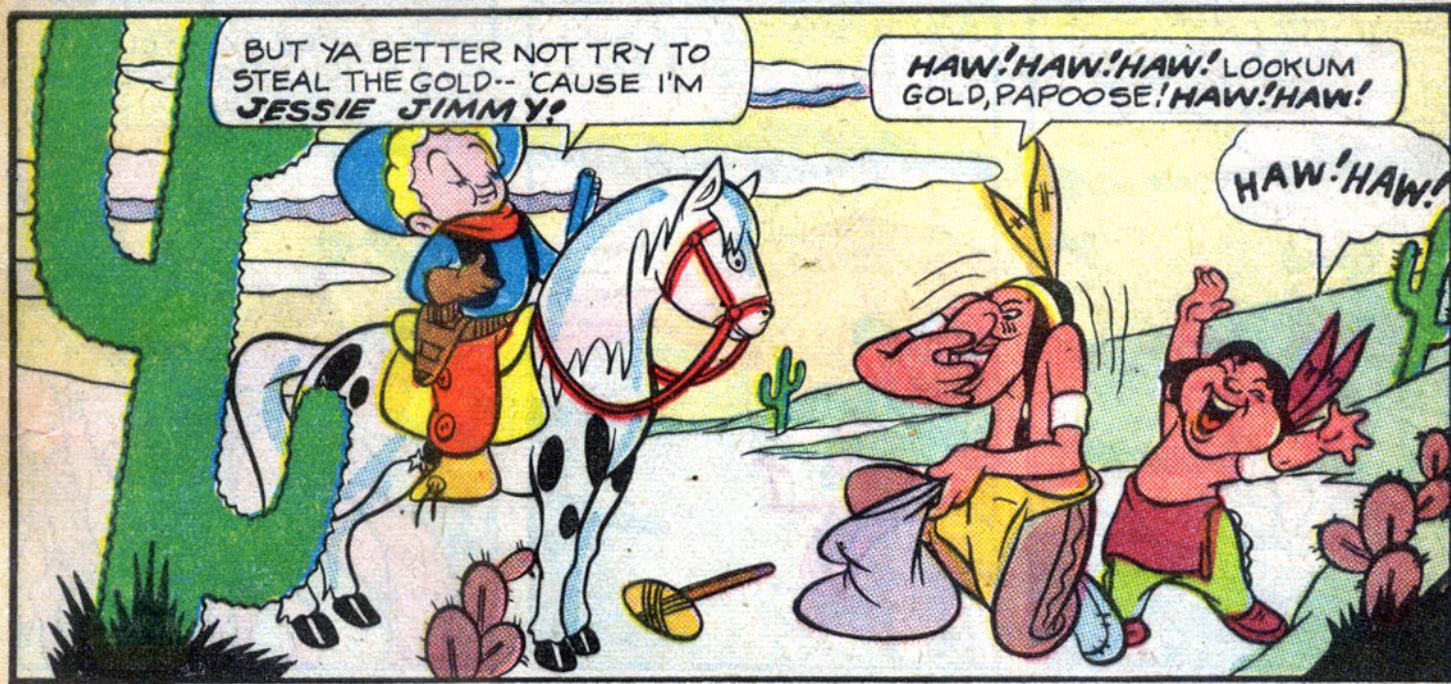
UGH! IF PALE-FACE BOY NOT LET  
US LOOK IN SACK MY TOMAHAWK  
WILL STARTUM SCALPIN'!



BUT YA BETTER NOT TRY TO  
STEAL THE GOLD-- 'CAUSE I'M  
JESSIE JIMMY!

HAW! HAW! HAW! LOOKUM  
GOLD, PAPOOSE! HAW! HAW!

HAW! HAW!



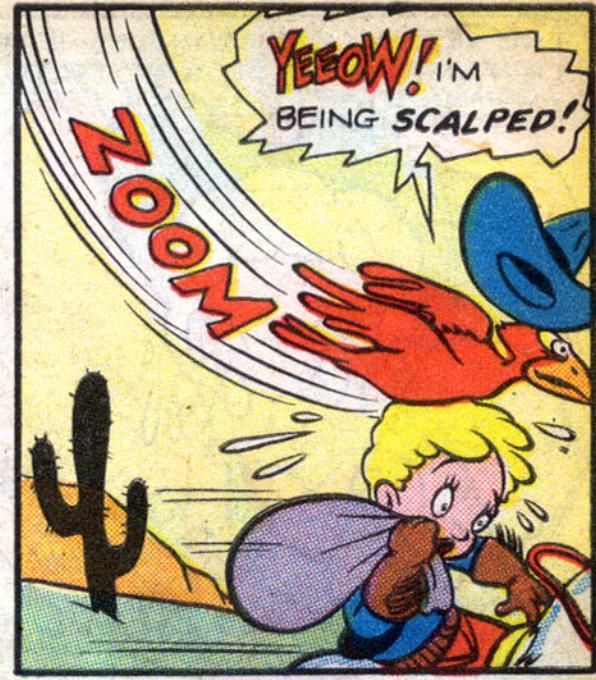
HAW! HAW! ME LAUGHUM SO MUCH  
ME HAVE UM TEARS IN EYES!

HAW! HAW!  
HAW!

BY THUNDER! RECKON I SCARED  
'EM, ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE SO  
FRIGHTENED THET THEY'RE  
CRYIN'!

HERE--  
TAKUM  
BACK GOLD,  
PALE-FACE!

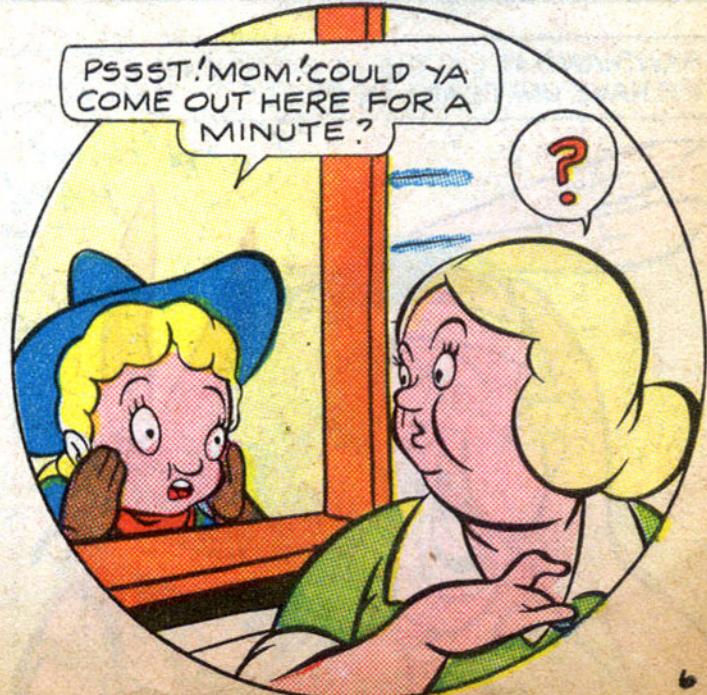
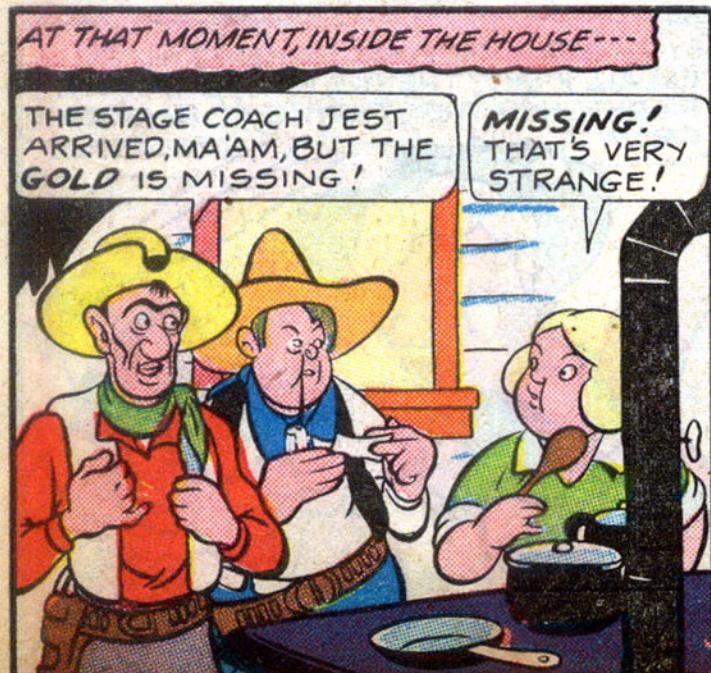
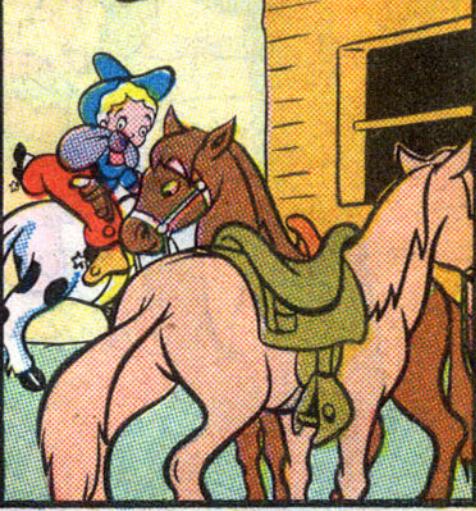
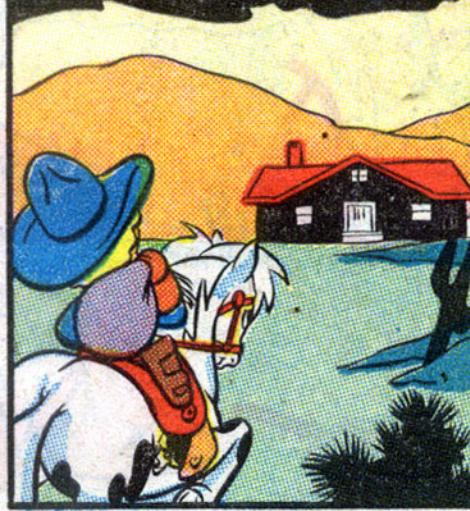


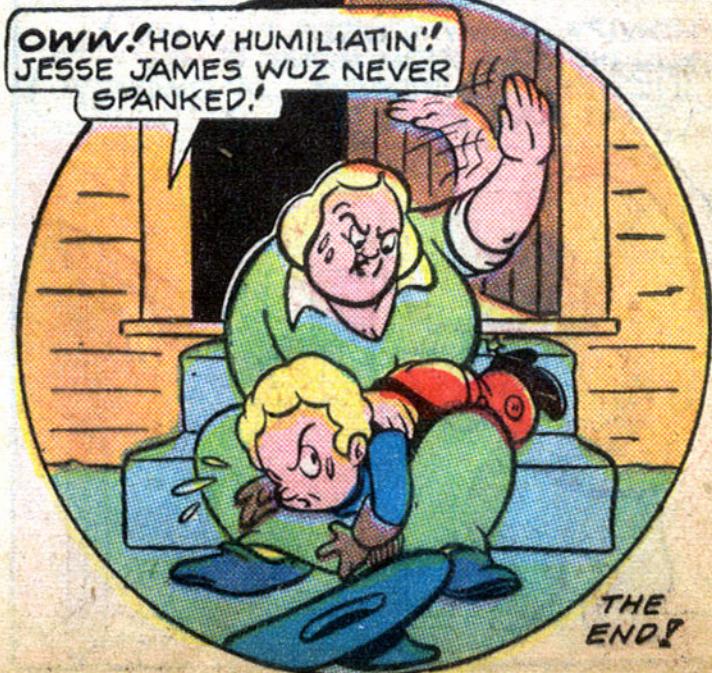
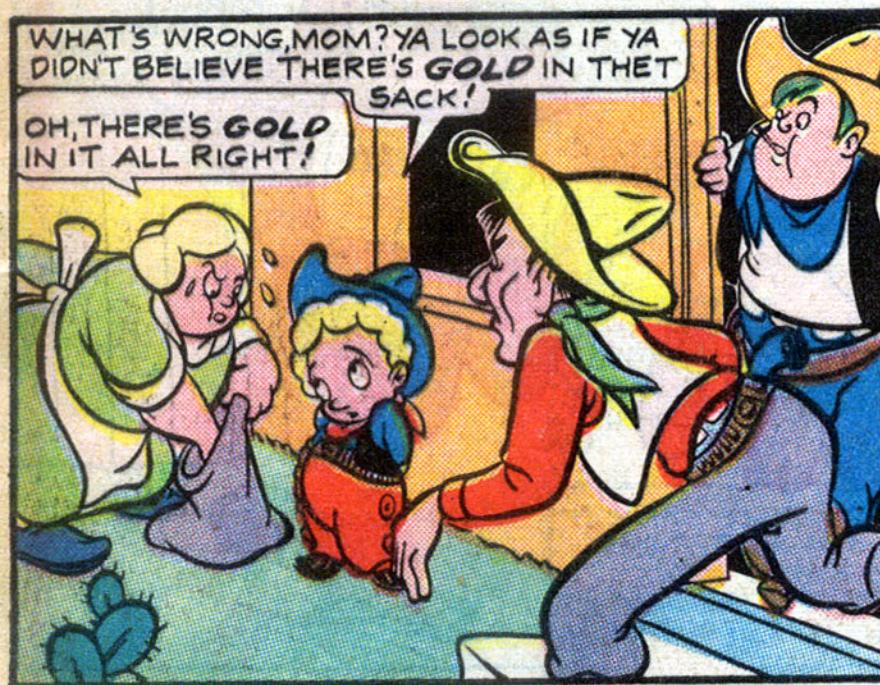
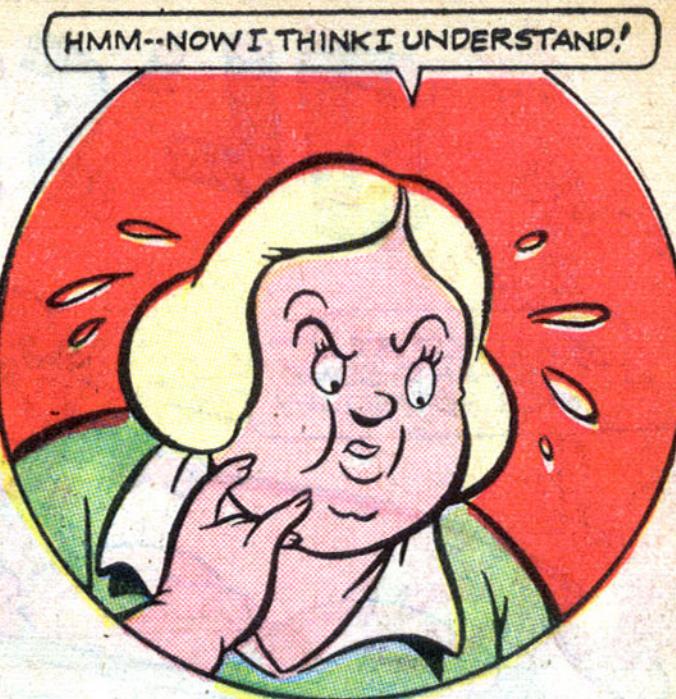
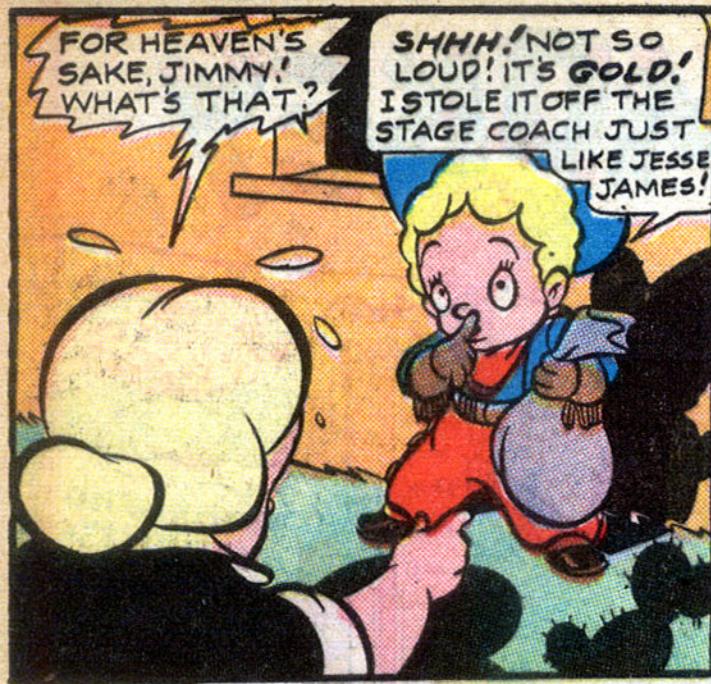


AW--IT WUZ ONLY A BIRD!  
C'MON, SIXTY, LET'S GET  
HOME AND HIDE THIS  
GOLD!

BOY! WON'T MOM BE SUR-  
PRISED WHEN SHE SEES  
WHAT I GOT!

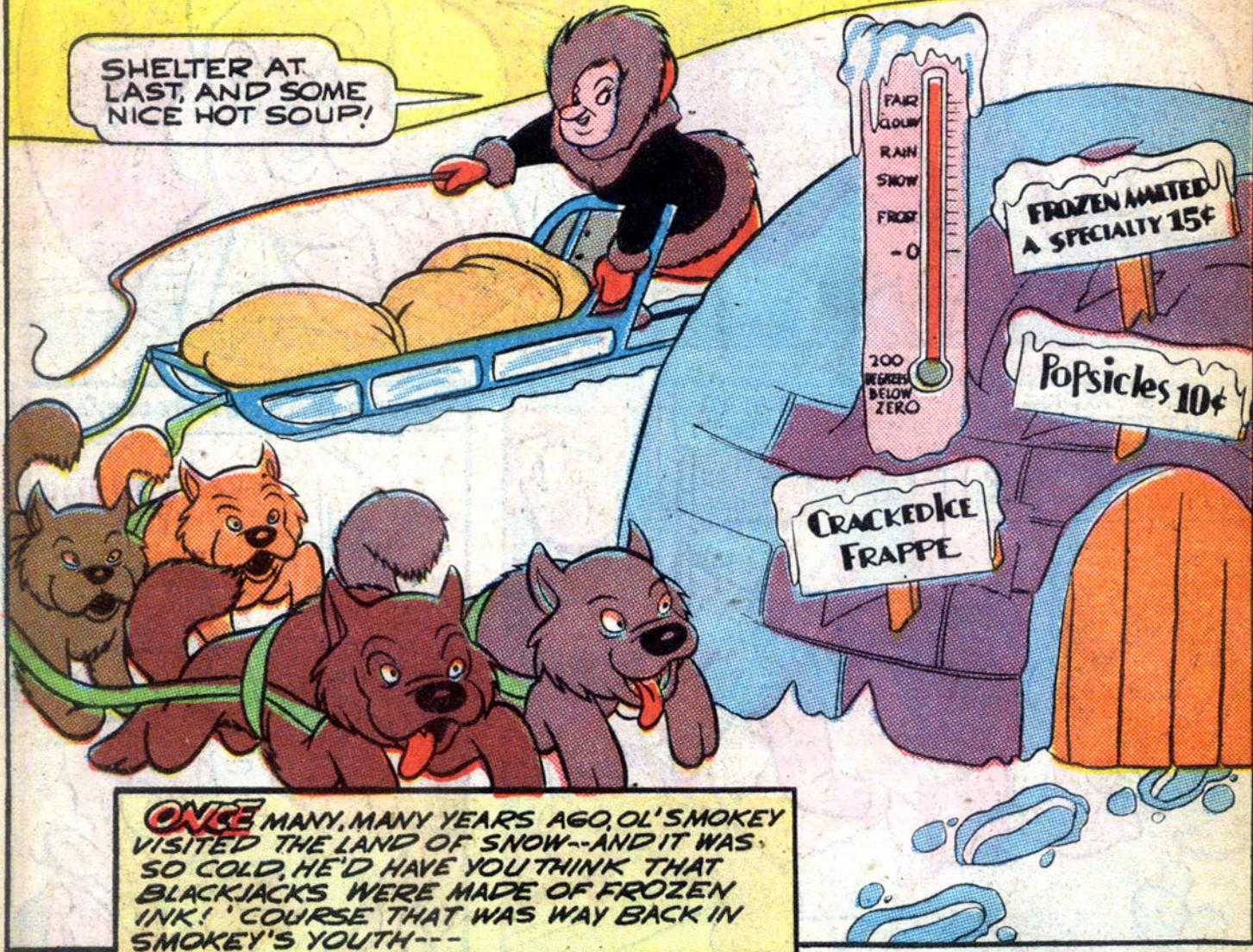
HMM--THOSE TWO FELLERS  
ARE STILL HERE! WONDER  
WHAT THEY'RE DOIN'!





# OL' SMOKEY

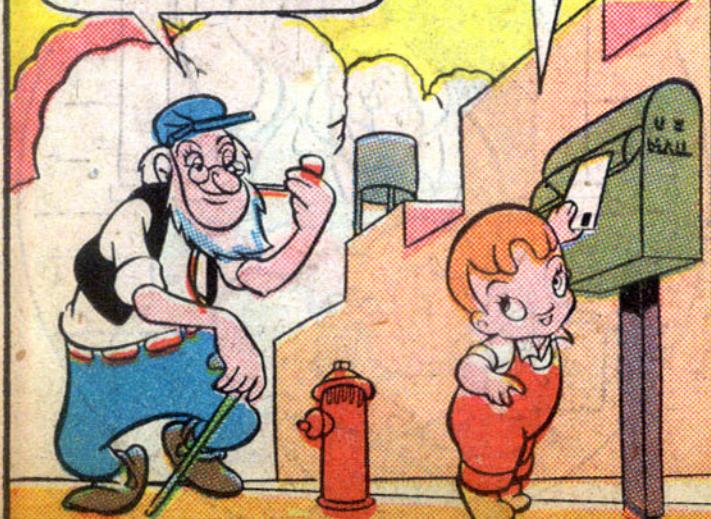
SHELTER AT LAST, AND SOME NICE HOT SOUP!



ONCE MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, OL' SMOKEY VISITED THE LAND OF SNOW--AND IT WAS SO COLD, HE'D HAVE YOU THINK THAT BLACKJACKS WERE MADE OF FROZEN INK! 'COURSE THAT WAS WAY BACK IN SMOKEY'S YOUTH---

HOWDY, JIMMY! GUESS YOU NEED A FEW MORE INCHES TO REACH THAT MAIL BOX!

HI, OL' SMOKEY!



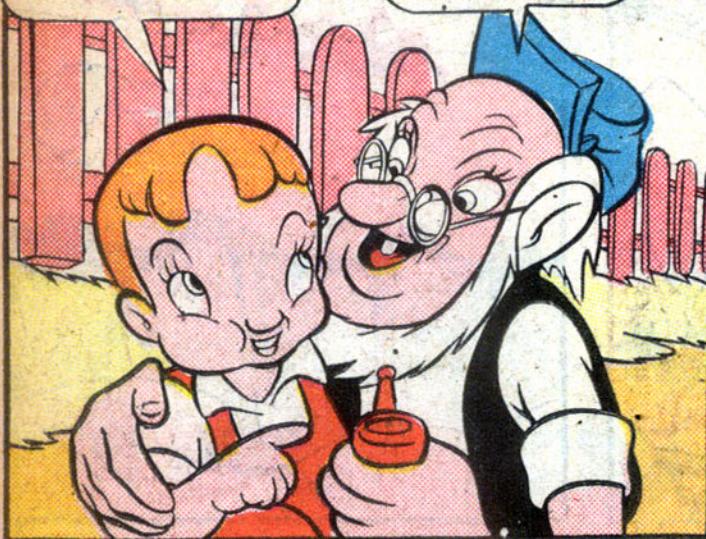
JIMMINY! THE MAIL IS WONDERFUL! JUST DROP IN THE LETTER AND IT COMES OUT ANY PLACE IN THE WORLD YOU WANT IT TO!

YEP! BUT WHEN I WAS A YOUNG LAD BACK IN ALASKA, 'TWARN'T SO EASY, NO SIRREE!

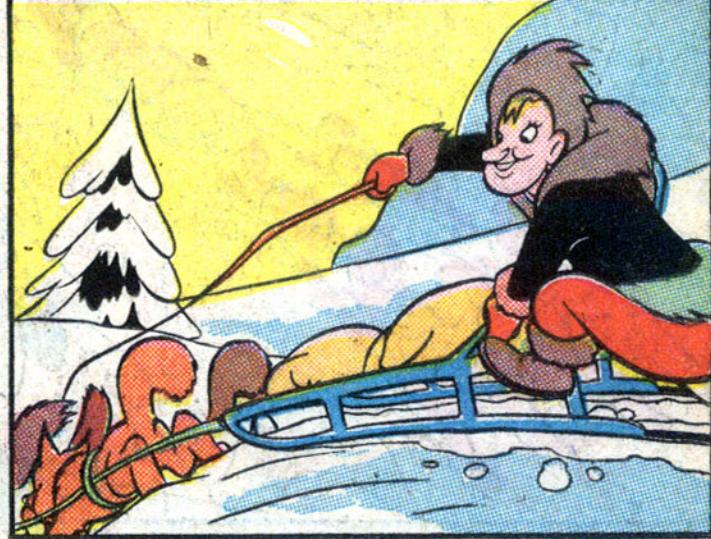


ALASKA! GEE SMOKEY, YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT ONE!

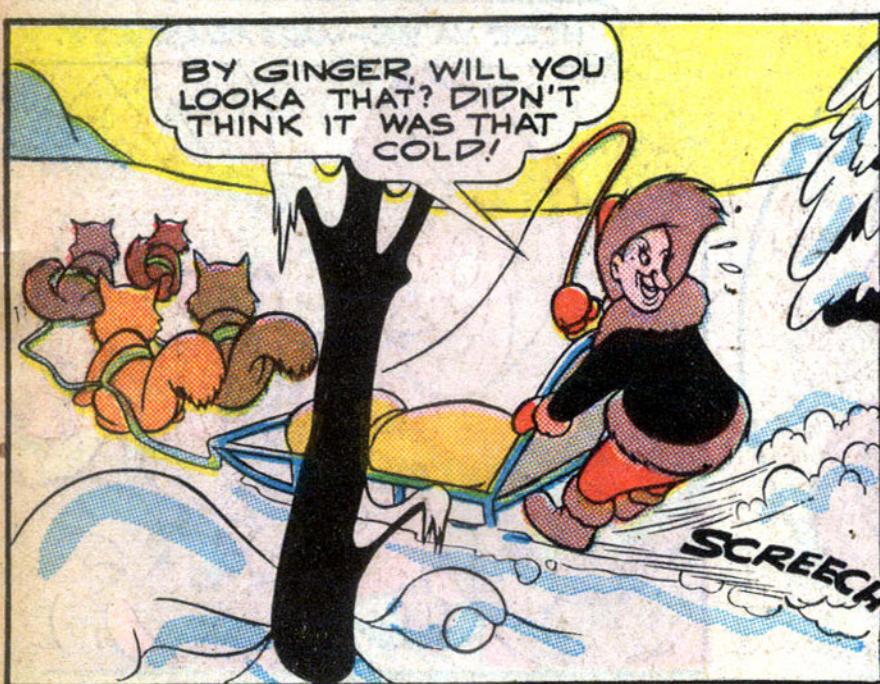
WELL, SIR! IT WAS UP IN DAWSON 'BOUT 1880 AS I RECALL--



I WUZ OUT ON MY DOG SLED TENDING MY BEAR TRAPS, NICE AND PEACEFUL LIKE----



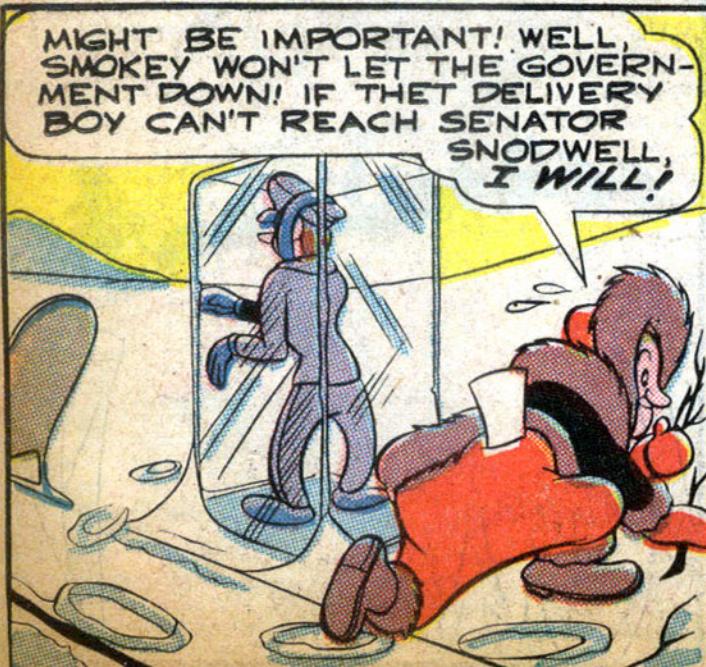
BY GINGER, WILL YOU LOOKA THAT? DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT COLD!



FROZEN TIGHTER THAN A DRUM!-HMM--A LETTER TO SENATOR SNODWELL DOWN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



MIHT BE IMPORTANT! WELL, SMOKEY WON'T LET THE GOVERNMENT DOWN! IF THET DELIVERY BOY CAN'T REACH SENATOR SNODWELL, I WILL!



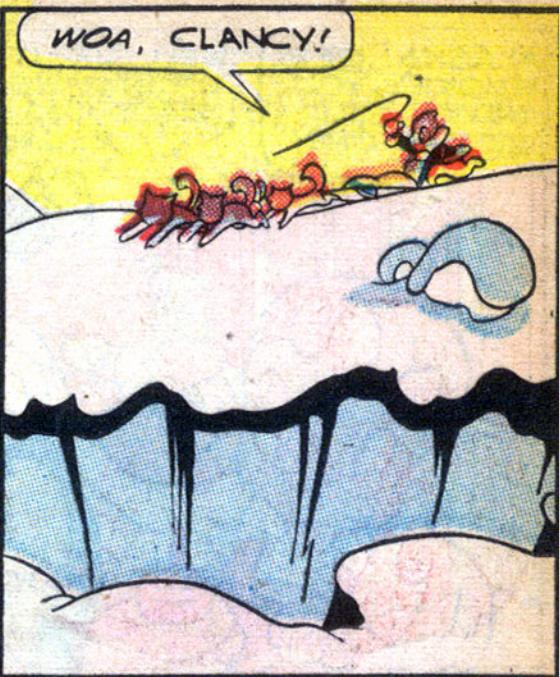
THIS'LL SORTA GIT THIS FELLER'S CIRCULATION COOKIN' AGAIN--THEN I KIN BE ON MY WAY----



MUSH, CLANCY, MUSH!  
NANCY AND PANSY  
AND YOU, TOO, KNOCK-  
WURST!



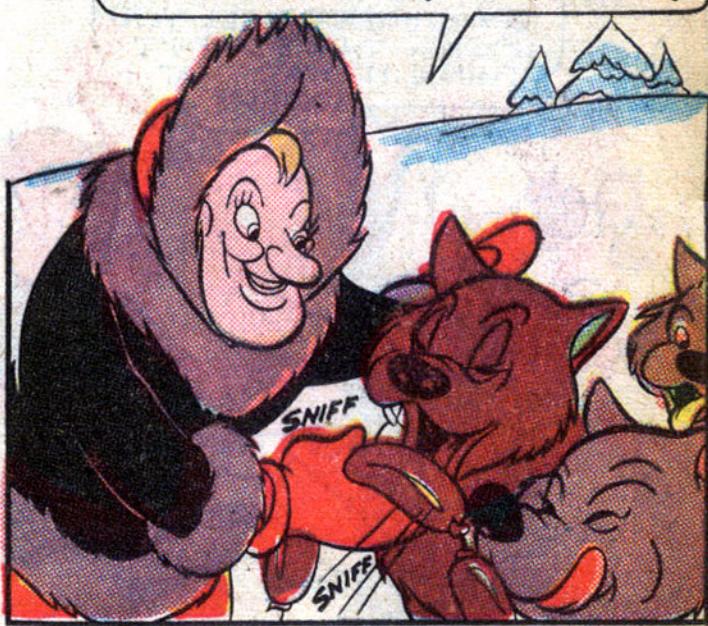
WOA, CLANCY!



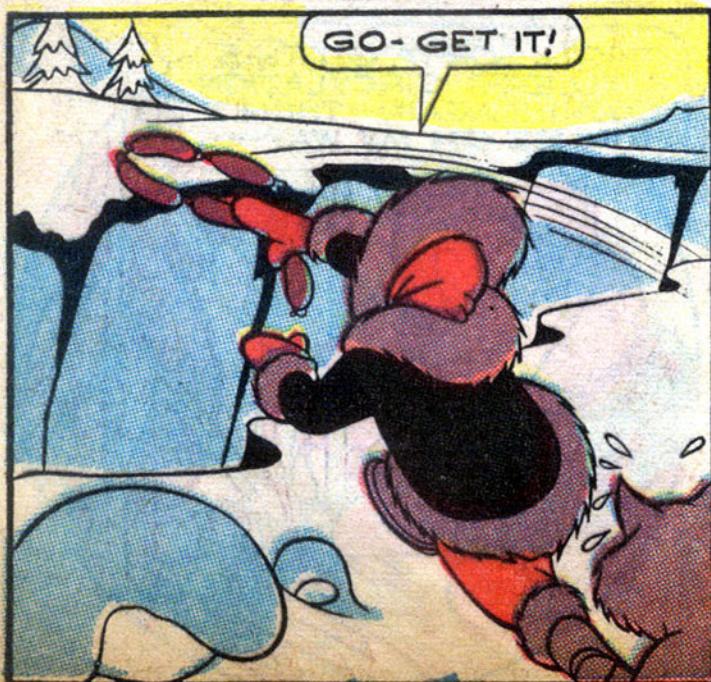
HAVE TO USE SKYCOLOGY  
TO GET THEM HOUNDS  
OVER THET  
CRACK!



HERE YA BE---100% PURE BEEF!



GO- GET IT!



OH-OH, MUST'VE MISCALCULATED MY COURSE! DIDN'T WANT TO COME BY CRAZY OL' AMUK'S PLACE!

"TERRITORY OF AMUK,  
THE ESKIMO"

UGH! WHITE SUCKER COME DOWN TRAIL! ME KETCHUM--  
GETTUM WORK OUT FOR MY FISTS! GETTUM NEW SHIR<sup>I</sup>, TOO

MEOWWWWW!

HMMPH-- TOO QUIET IN THERE! AMUK NEVER LET NO MAN GET PAST HERE PEACEFULLY!

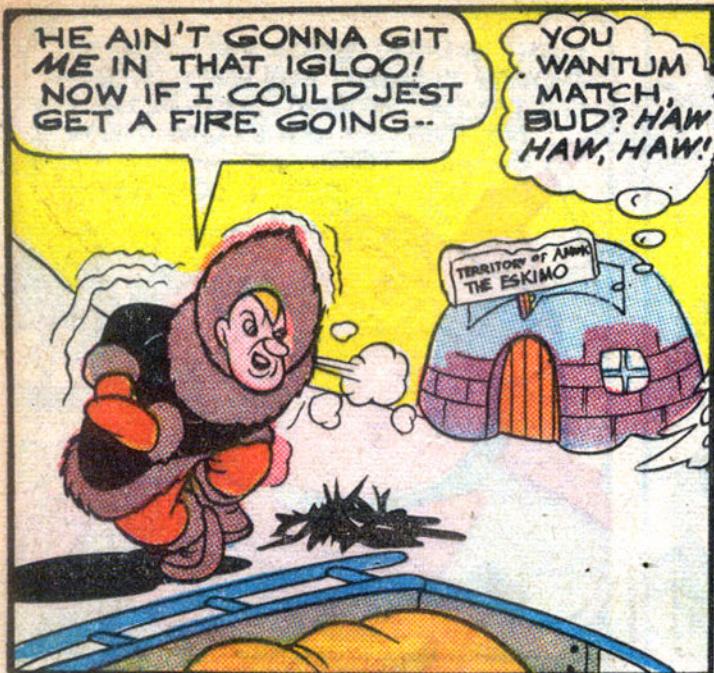
GO, PUSSY CAT! WE USE--UM DECON<sup>I</sup>--PLAN NO.629 ON UM WHITE MAN!

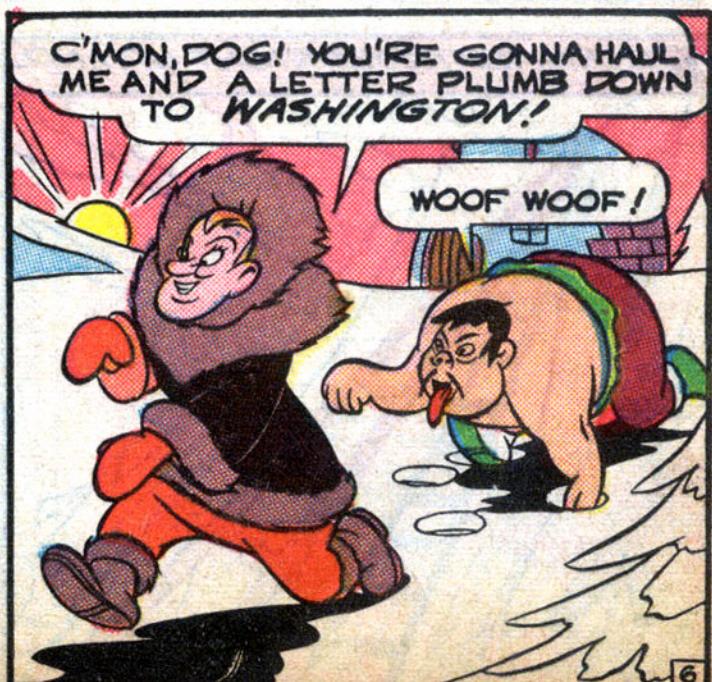
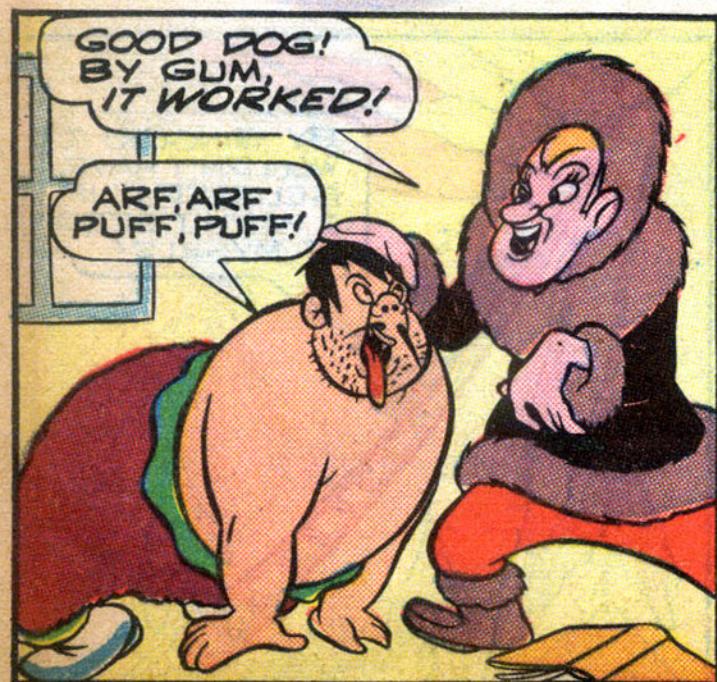
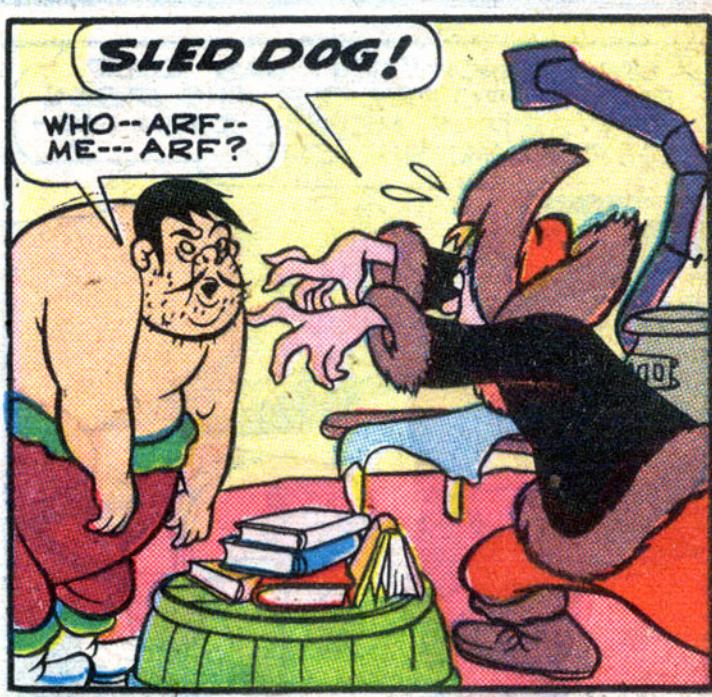
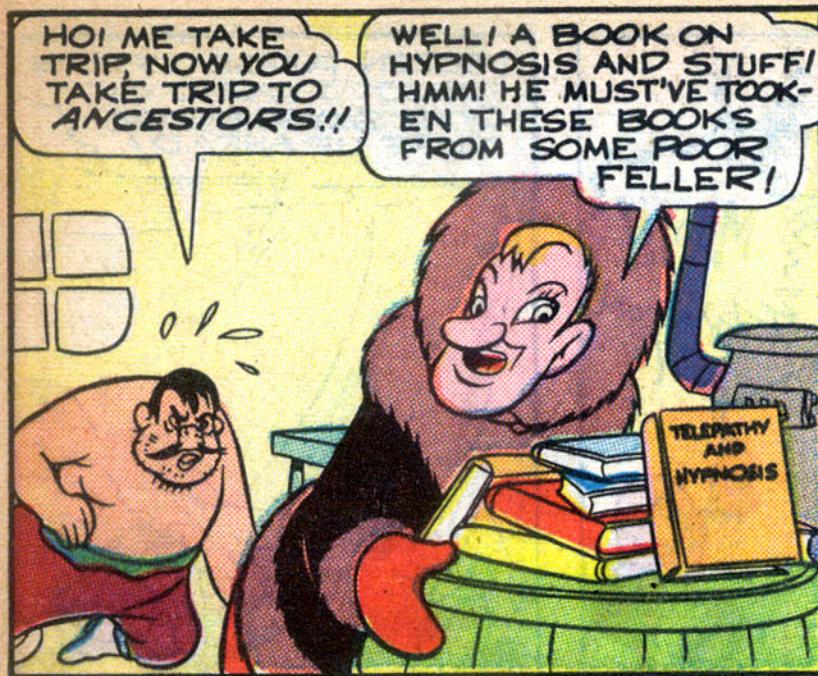
PFFFFT!

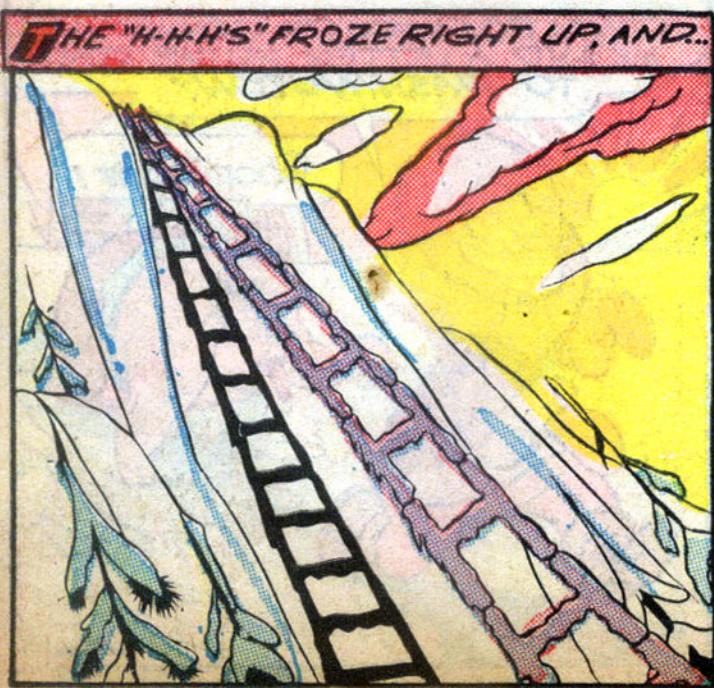
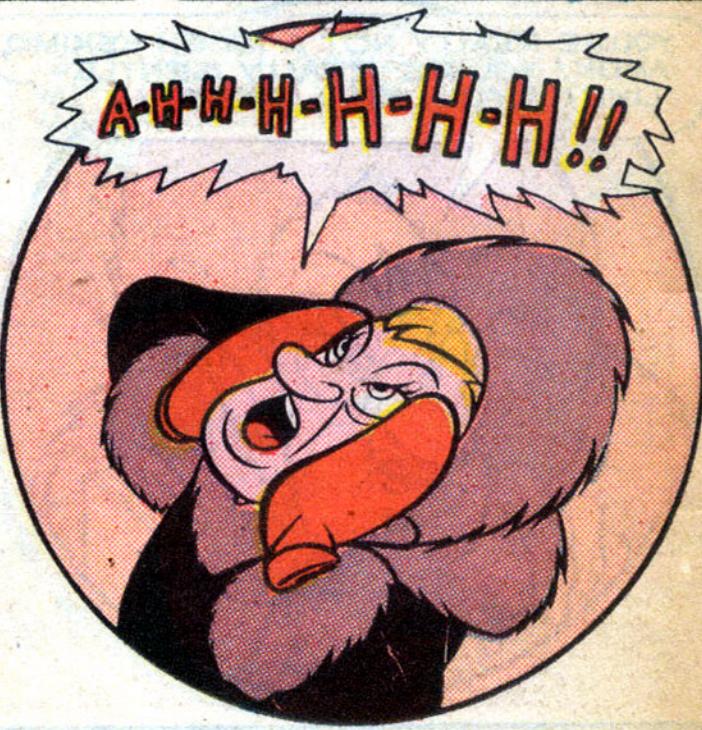
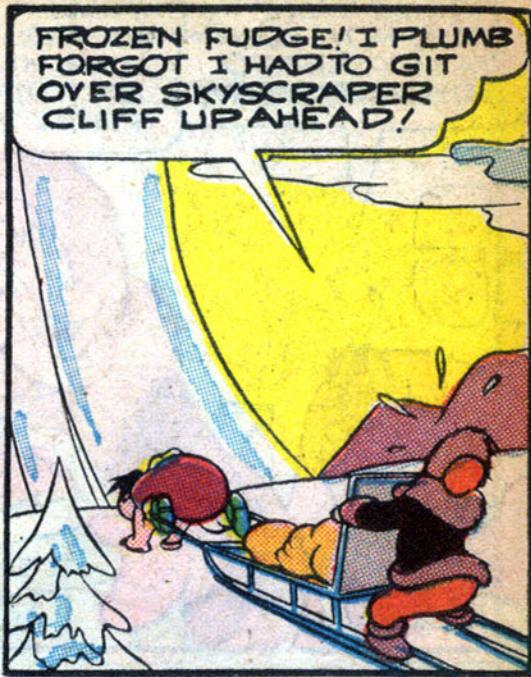
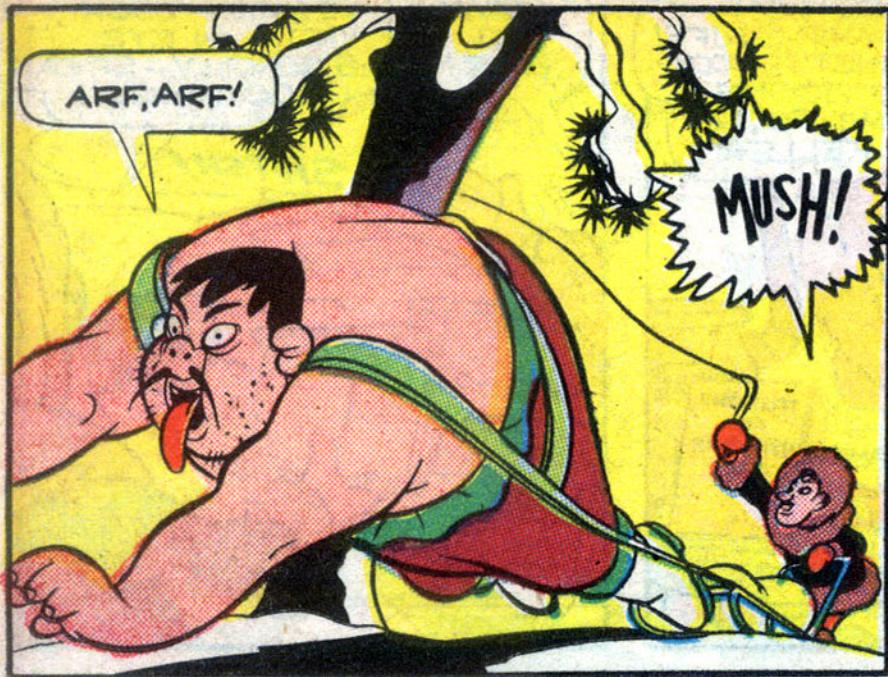
ARF-ARF  
ARF!

ARF!

HEY! COME BACK HERE,  
CONSARN YA!







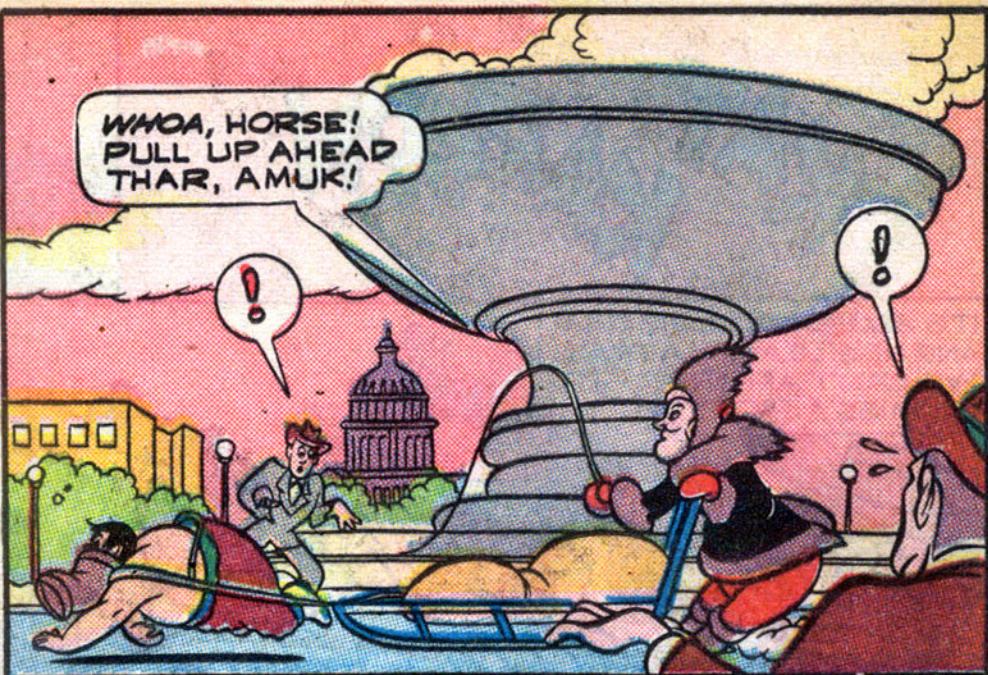
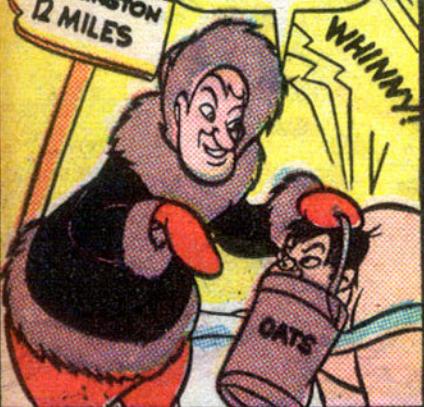
A FEW DAYS AND NIGHTS LATER....

HERE, AMUK! RECKON YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING A DOG--TODAY YOU'LL BE A HORSE!

WASHINGTON 12 MILES

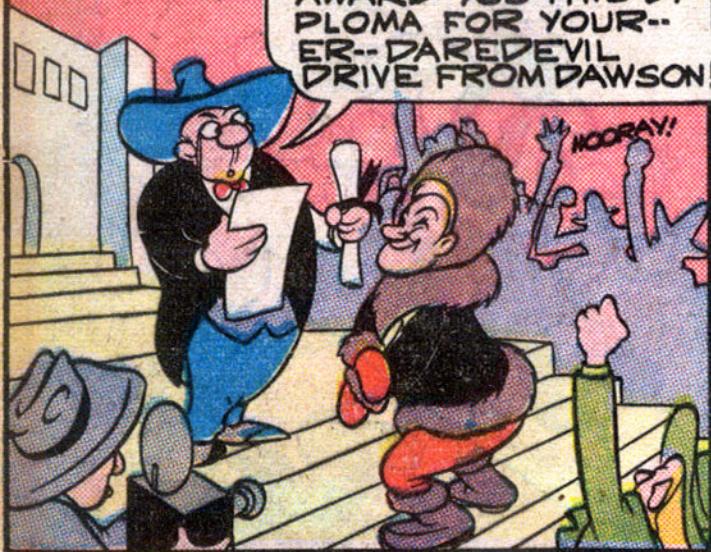
WHINNY!

WHOA, HORSE!  
PULL UP AHEAD THAR, AMUK!



SECONDS LATER---

...AND IN-AH-RECOGNITION OF YOUR ASTOUNDING FEAT, WE AWARD YOU THIS DIPLOMA FOR YOUR-- ER-- DAREDEVIL DRIVE FROM DAWSON!



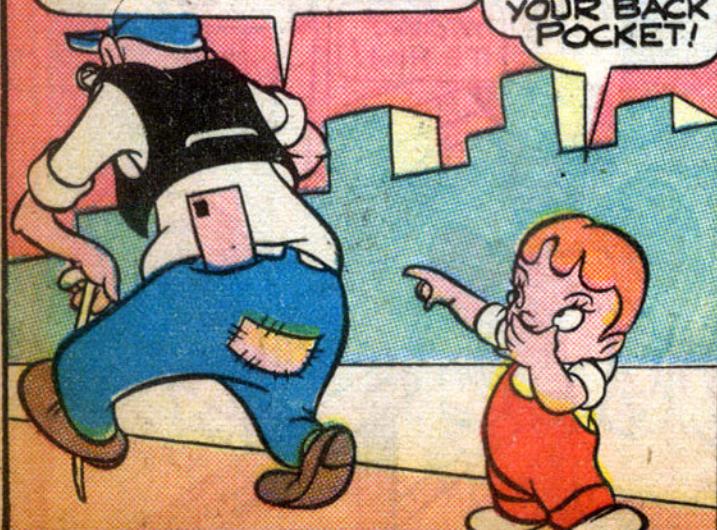
GOSH, CAN I SEE THE DIPLOMA AND THE SLED AND THE...

WAL Y'SEE SON-- THEM WASHINGTON FOLK PUT THE SLED IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE! --AND THE DIPLOMA-- WAL ONE DAY I CHANGED AMUK INTO A GOAT--AND HE ET IT UP!



DUNNO, JIMMY, SOMETIMES I GET TO THINKING YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY STORIES.

LOOKIT, OL'SMOKEY, THERE'S A LETTER IN YOUR BACK POCKET!



BY GUM, SURE ENOUGH-- IT'S THE SAME LETTER! NOW Y'KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!



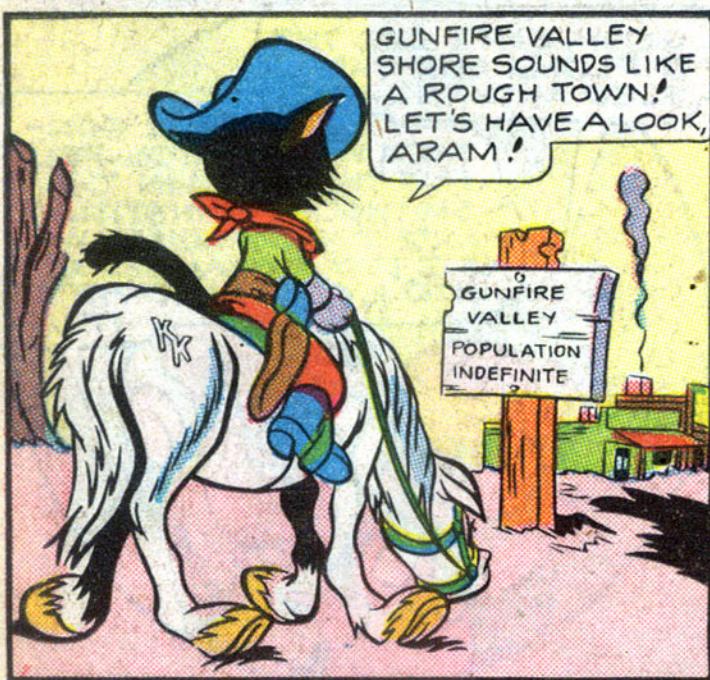
*the  
End*

# KAT KARSON

IT'S SILVER DOLLAR DAN,  
AND HE'S LEAVIN' A TRAIL  
WE CAN'T AFFORD  
TO MISS!



GUNFIRE VALLEY  
SHORE SOUNDS LIKE  
A ROUGH TOWN!  
LET'S HAVE A LOOK,  
ARAM!



THAT COYOTE MUST BE  
LOCO---WHAT'S HE  
RUNNIN' FER?



LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY  
IN TH' VALLEY IS  
PLUMB LOCO!

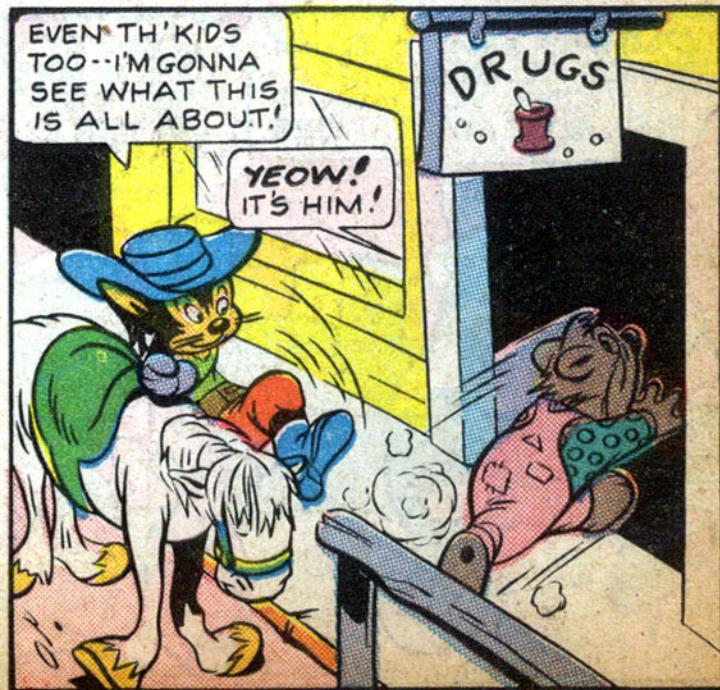
POST OFFICE

EVEN TH' KIDS  
TOO---I'M GONNA  
SEE WHAT THIS  
IS ALL ABOUT!

DRUGS



YEOW!  
IT'S HIM!



HEY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
EVERYBODY AROUND HERE?  
GIVE ME SOME SASPARILLA!

Y-Y-YES SIR! SILVER  
DOLLAR DAN!

SILVER DOLLAR  
DAN? THIS GUY  
MUST BE LOCO,  
TOO!

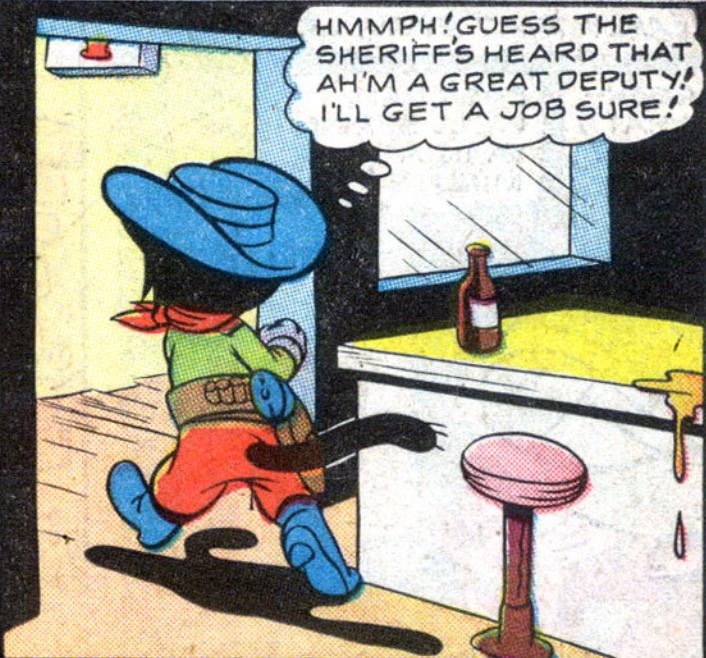


I'M LOOKIN' FER THE  
SHERIFF! WHERE CAN  
I FIND HIM?

THE S-SH-SHERIFF?  
HE'S L-L-LOOKIN'  
FER YOU!

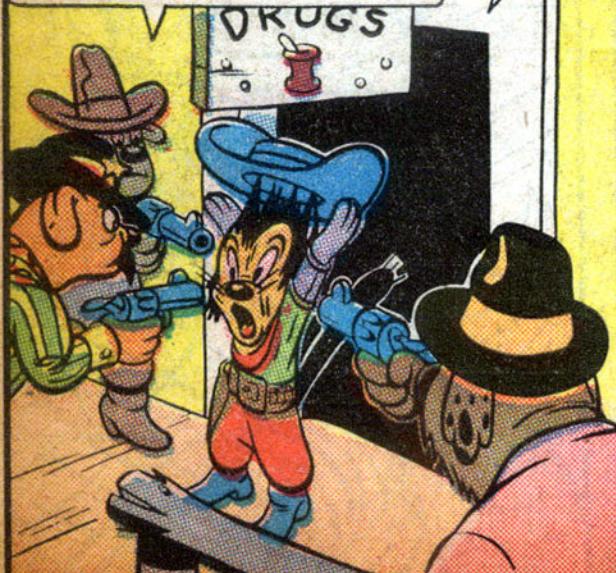


HMMPH! GUESS THE  
SHERIFF'S HEARD THAT  
AH'M A GREAT DEPUTY!  
I'LL GET A JOB SURE!



REACH! SILVER DOLLAR  
DAN, YOUR STAGE  
ROBBIN' DAYS ARE OVER!

S-STAGE  
ROBBIN'?



AH'M NO CROOK!  
AH'M KAT KARSON-  
DEPUTY!



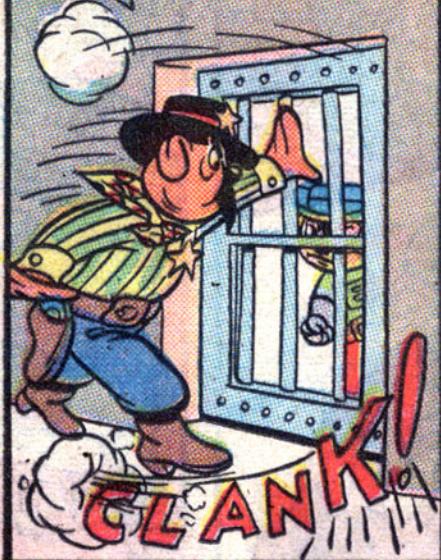
HA! HA! HO HO HO!  
SILVER DOLLAR DAN,  
A DEPUTY? TAKE  
HIM AWAY BOYS!



I TELL YA I'M KAT KARSON! YA CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



WE CAN'T DO IT---BUT WE ARE! YA CAN'T FOOL US, DAN!!



WHAT A SPOT! THEY THINK I'M A REAL DESPERADO OR SOMETHIN'!



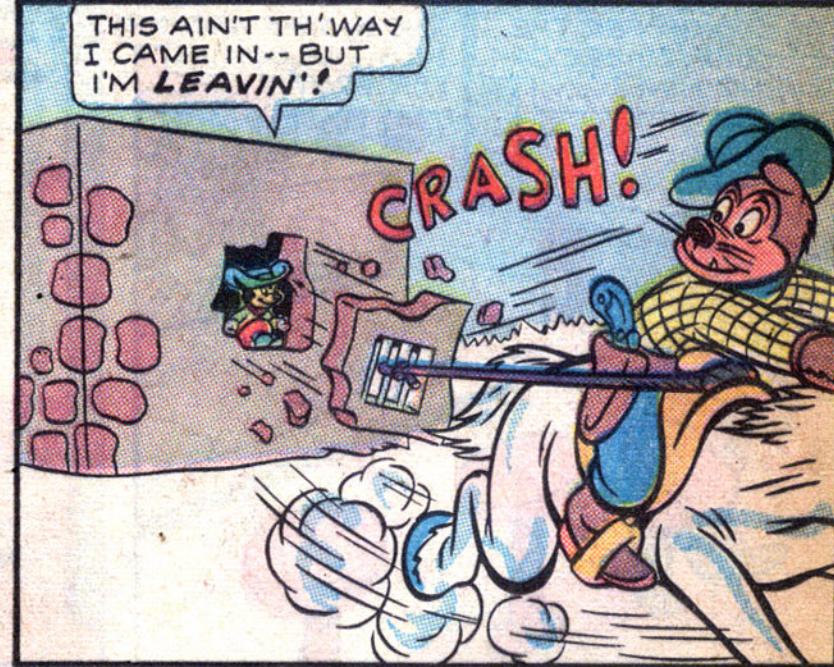
EARLY THAT EVENING----

GOSH--  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

EASY, DAN,  
WE'LL SPRING  
YA IN A  
MINUTE!

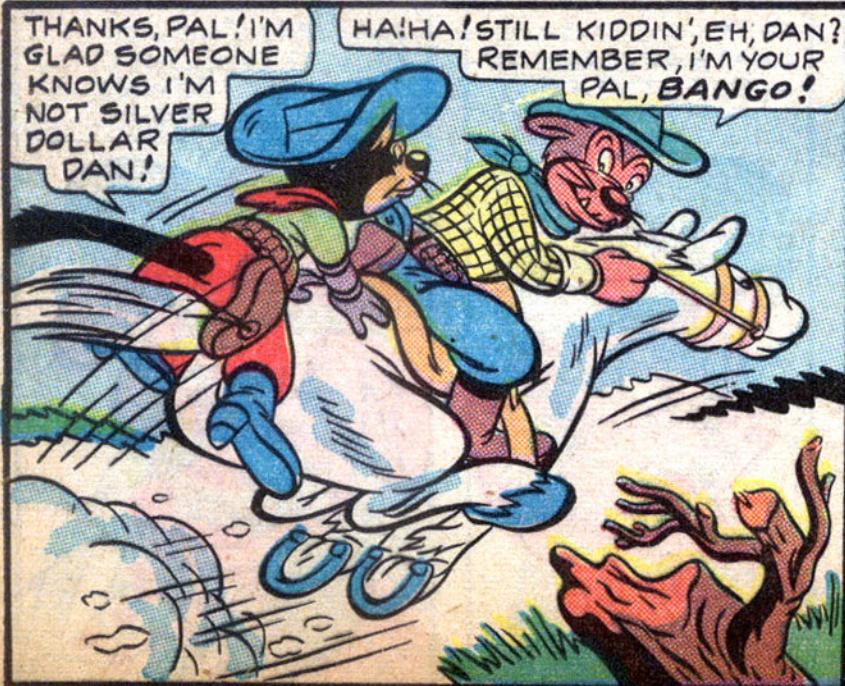


THIS AIN'T TH' WAY  
I CAME IN-- BUT  
I'M LEAVIN'!



THANKS, PAL! I'M  
GLAD SOMEONE  
KNOWS I'M  
NOT SILVER  
DOLLAR DAN!

HA! HA! STILL KIDDIN', EH, DAN?  
REMEMBER, I'M YOUR  
PAL, BANGO!

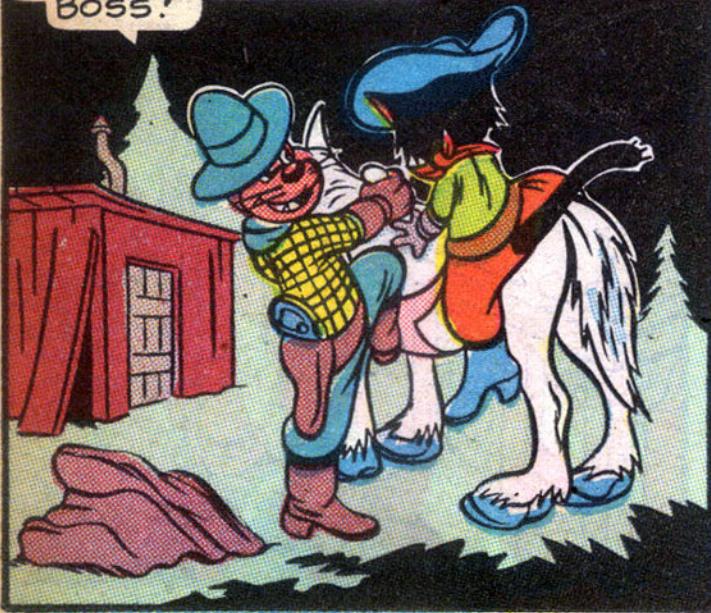


ULPP! (THIS HOMBRE MUST  
BE DAN'S PAL!) ER-- HA HA! -YEA,  
--I'M A BIG KIDDER---



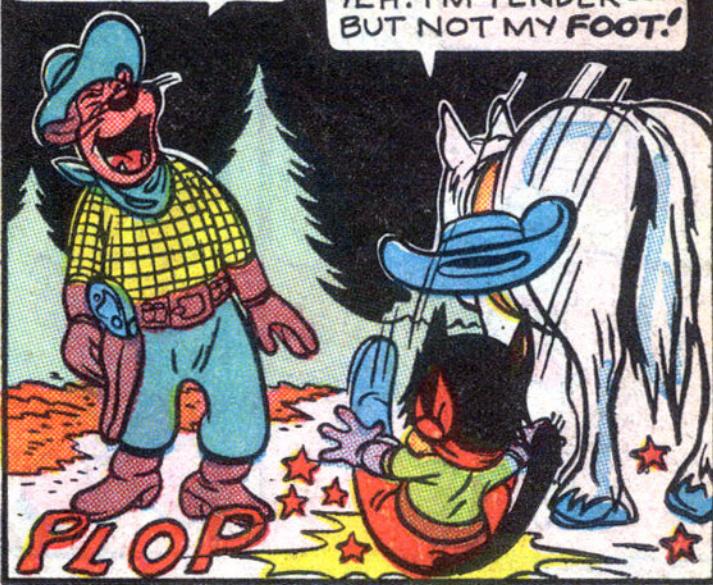
LET'S GET OFF AND REST AT THE HIDEOUT, BOSS!

OKAY, I---



HA!HA!BOSS, IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WAS DAN, I'D THINK YOU WAS A TENDERFOOT!

YEH! I'M TENDER--- BUT NOT MY FOOT!

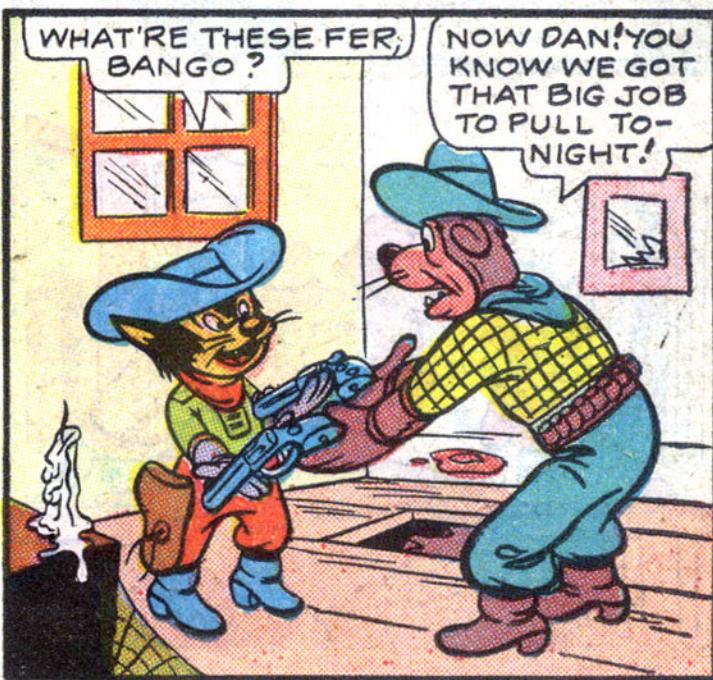


YER SOME CARD, BOSS! COME ON IN!



WHAT'RE THESE FER, BANGO?

NOW DAN! YOU KNOW WE GOT THAT BIG JOB TO PULL TO-NIGHT!



OH YEAH! TH' BIG JOB! MEBBE I KIN DO SOME DEPUTY-IN' HERE, IF I PLAY SMART --- AN' FER ME...



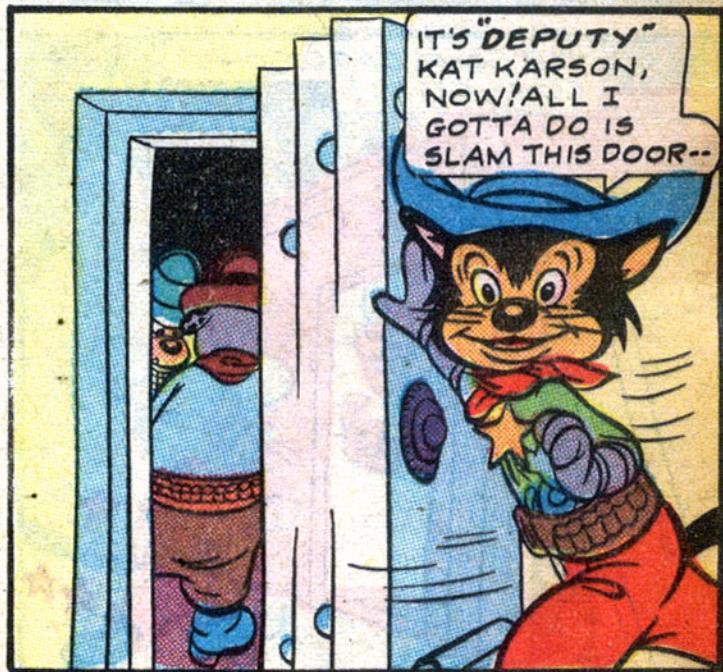
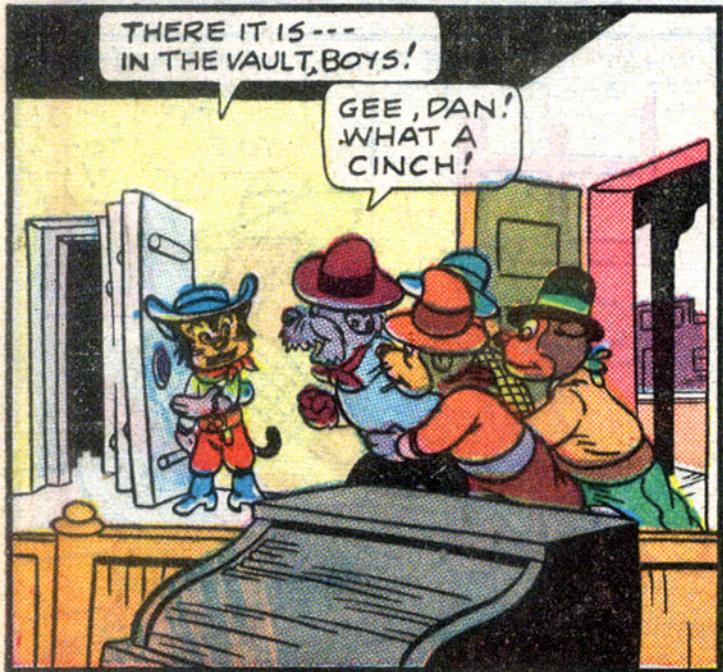
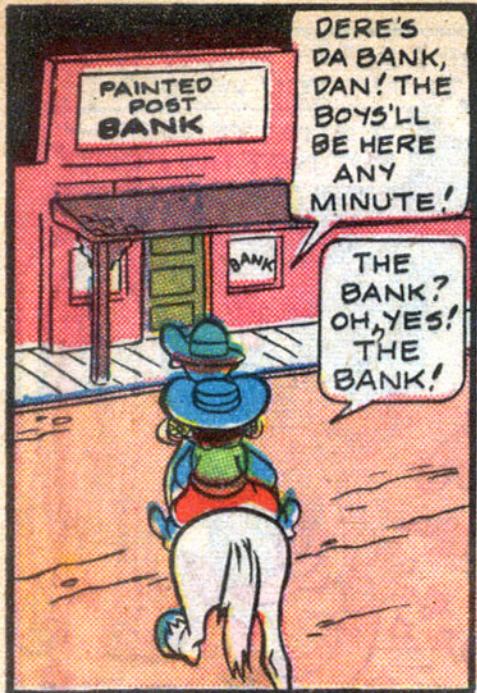
--IT OUGHTA BE EASY! LET'S GO!



OKAY, TH' BOYS ARE WAITIN' AT "PAINTED POST"!

THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE TO NAB THESE CROOKS AND BE FAMOUS!

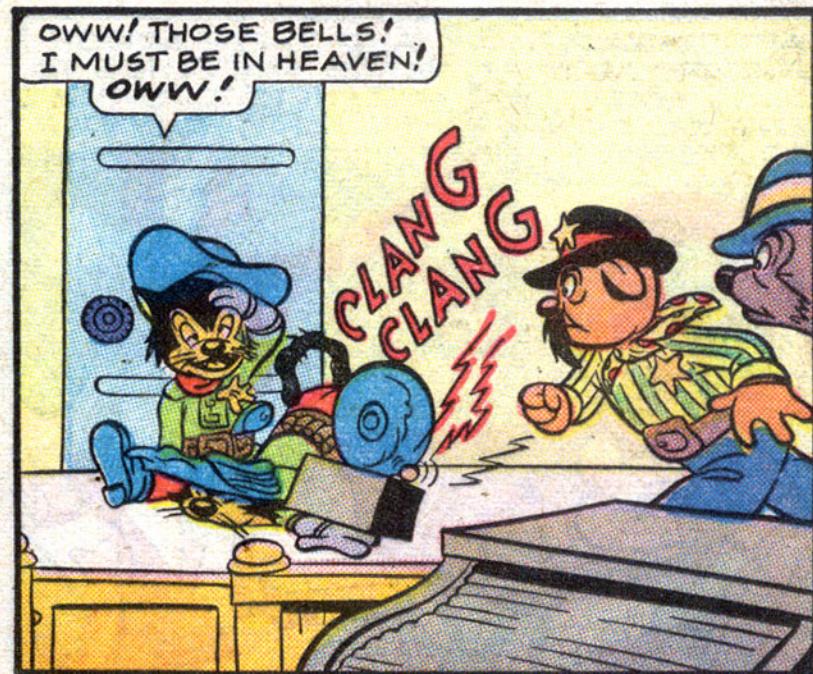
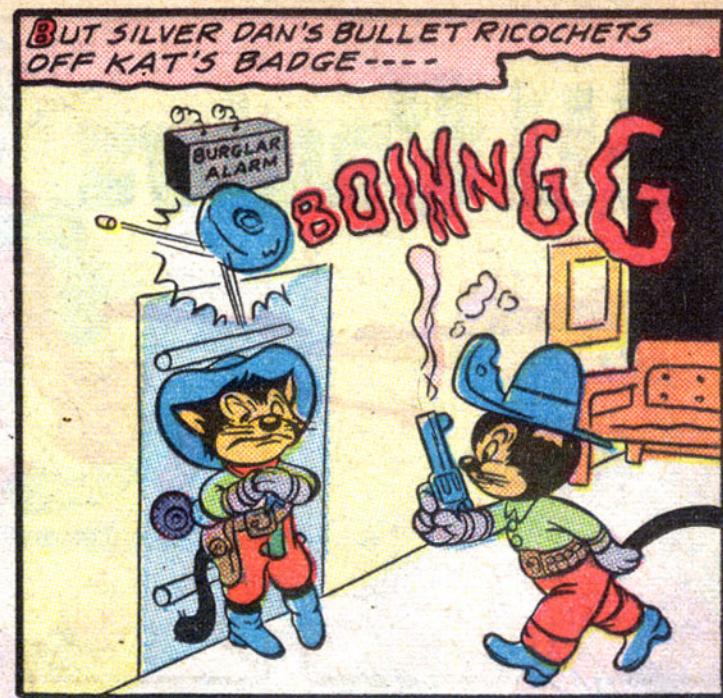




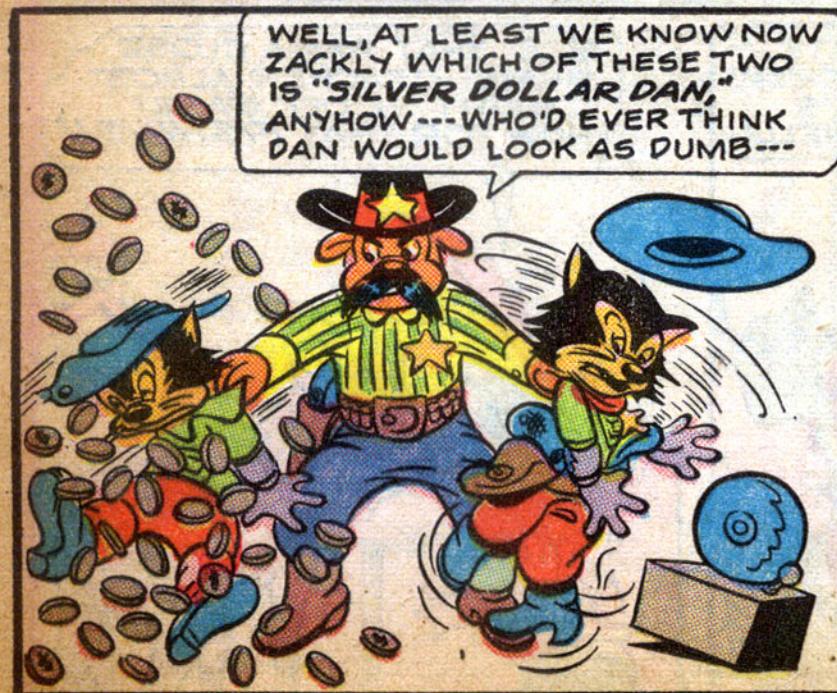
I'LL LOIN YA TO  
PRETEND YER ME,  
IMPOSTER!

HE GOT ME! I'M  
DONE FOR! OW!

BUT SILVER DAN'S BULLET RICOCHETS  
OFF KAT'S BADGE----

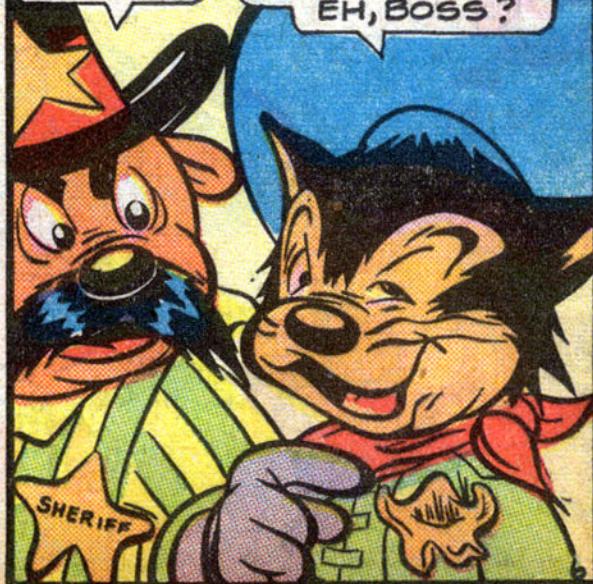


WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW NOW  
ZACKLY WHICH OF THESE TWO  
IS "SILVER DOLLAR DAN,"  
ANYHOW---WHO'D EVER THINK  
DAN WOULD LOOK AS DUMB---



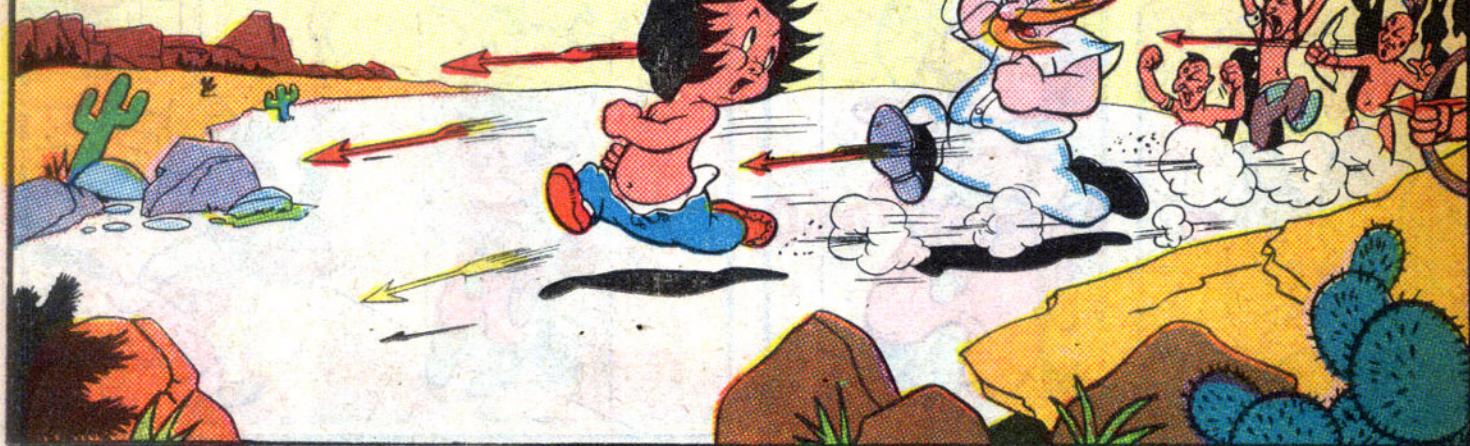
--AS THIS  
DUMB  
HOMBRE?

AH GUESS Y'CAN'T  
JUDGE A BOOK  
BY IT'S COVER,  
EH, BOSS?



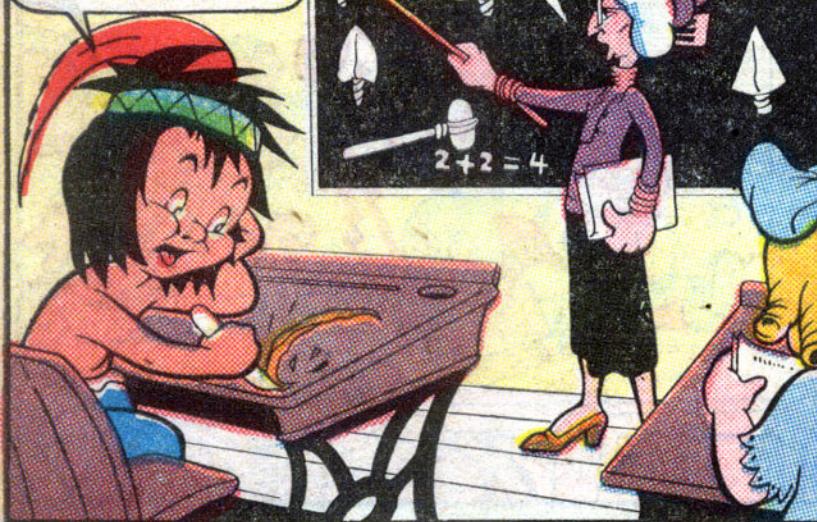
# L'il Cactus

YOU SAID YOU WERE LOOKIN'  
FOR ARROWHEADS,  
DIDN'T YOU???



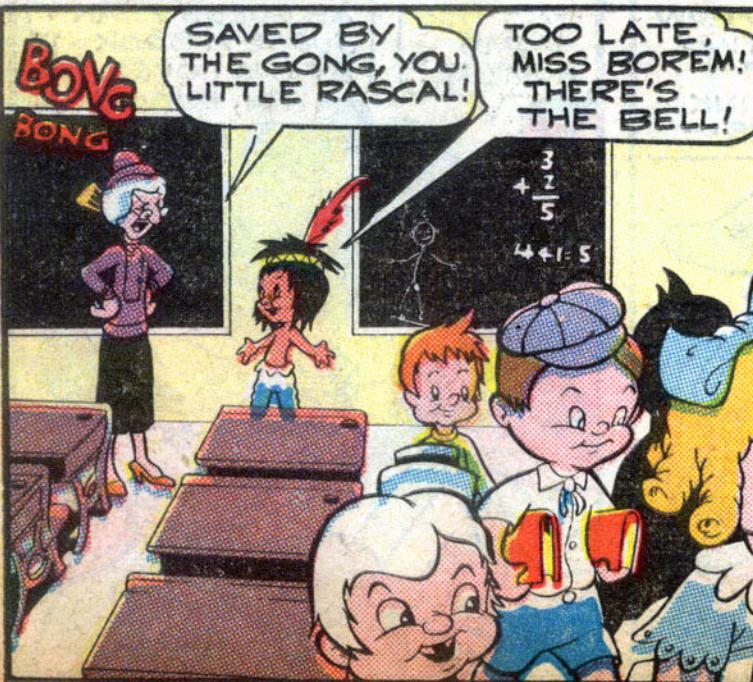
ARROWHEADS,  
PHOOEY! I WISH  
CLASS WOULD  
END SO I C'N  
GO FISHIN'!

AND THESE ARROW-  
HEADS ARE CLUES TO  
OUR ANCESTORS-SOME  
ARE VERY, VERY OLD



L'L CACTUS,  
SUPPOSE YOU  
TELL US ALL  
ABOUT OLD  
ARROWHEADS!

M-M-ME?  
WELL--UH--  
WELL--UM--  
I--A--ER--

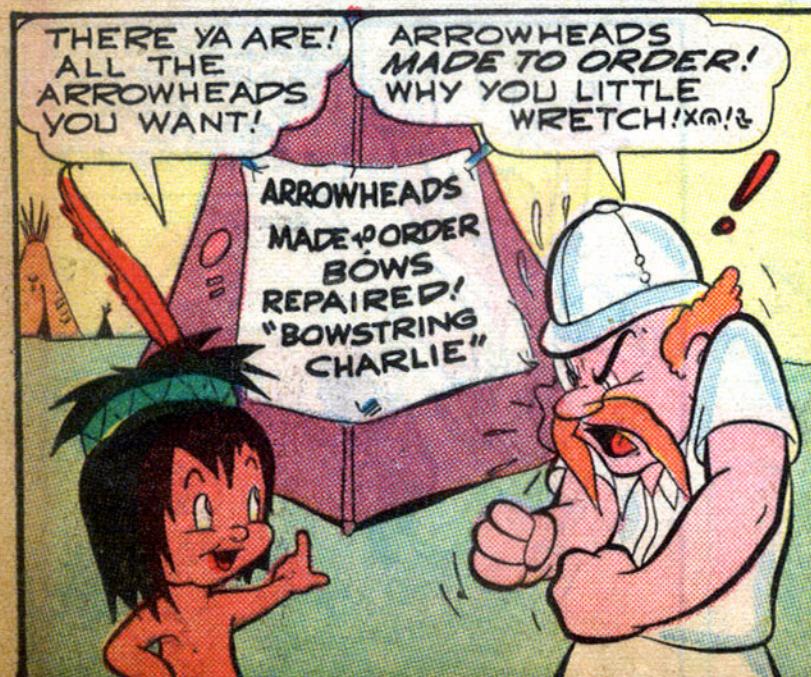
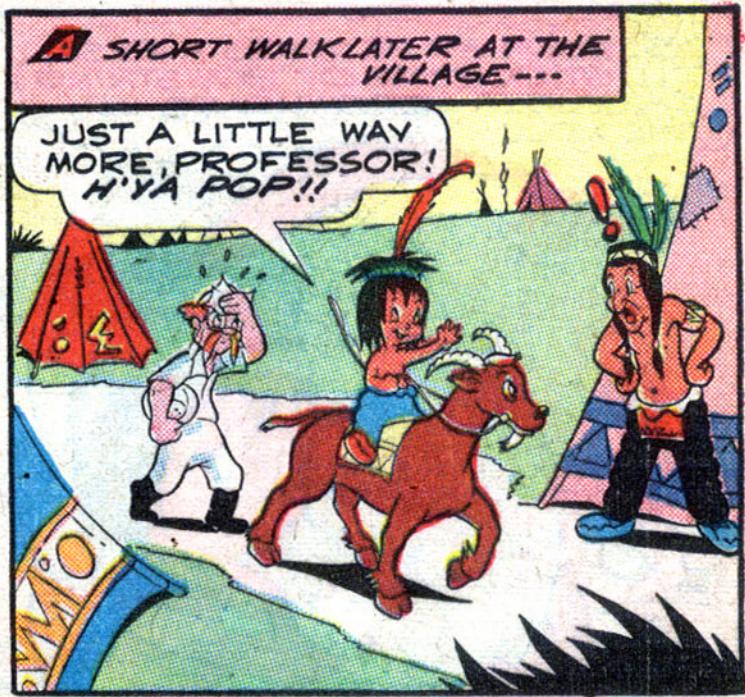


SAVED BY  
THE GONG, YOU  
LITTLE RASCAL!

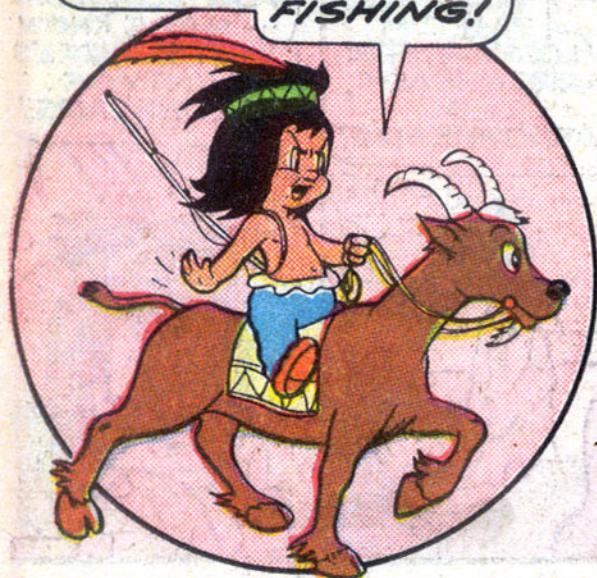
TOO LATE,  
MISS BOREM!  
THERE'S  
THE BELL!

GEE, THAT WAS A CLOSE  
SHAVE---TEACHER ALMOST  
CALIGHT ME OFF BASE!  
NOW FOR THAT FISHIN'!!

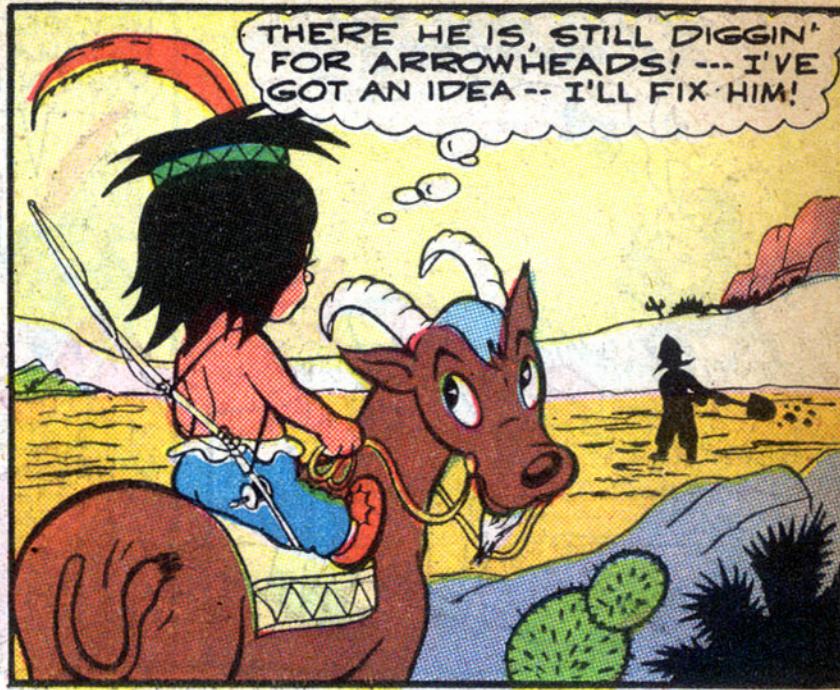




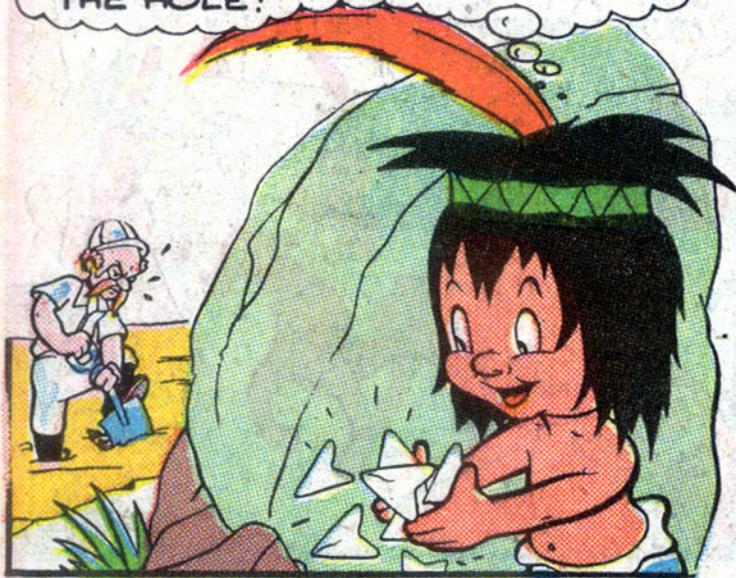
I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT  
MEAN PROFESSOR---  
BUT FIRST I'LL GO  
FISHING!



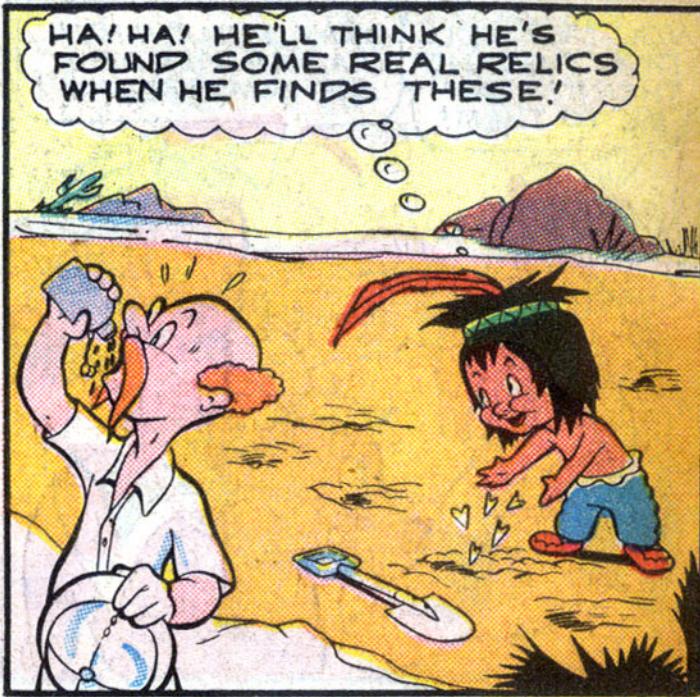
THERE HE IS, STILL DIGGIN'  
FOR ARROWHEADS! --- I'VE  
GOT AN IDEA -- I'LL FIX HIM!



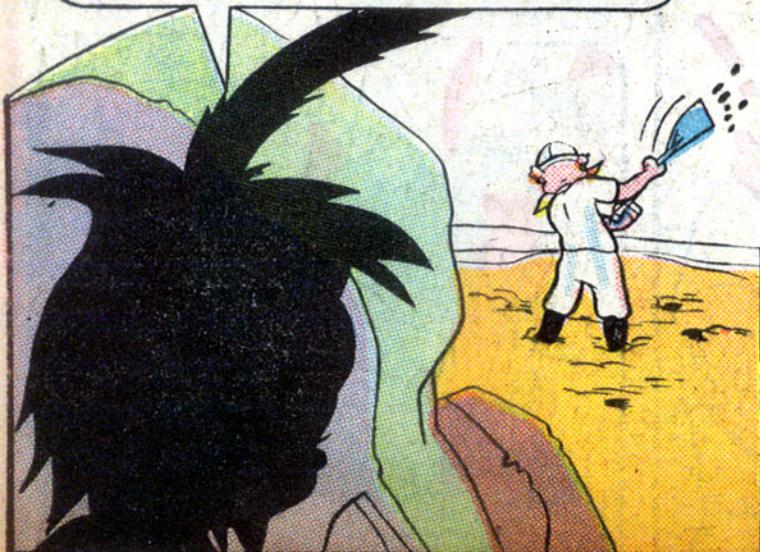
AS SOON AS HE TAKES A REST,  
I'LL STICK SOME OF "BOWSTRING  
CHARLIE'S" ARROWHEADS IN  
THE HOLE!



HA! HA! HE'LL THINK HE'S  
FOUND SOME REAL RELICS  
WHEN HE FINDS THESE!

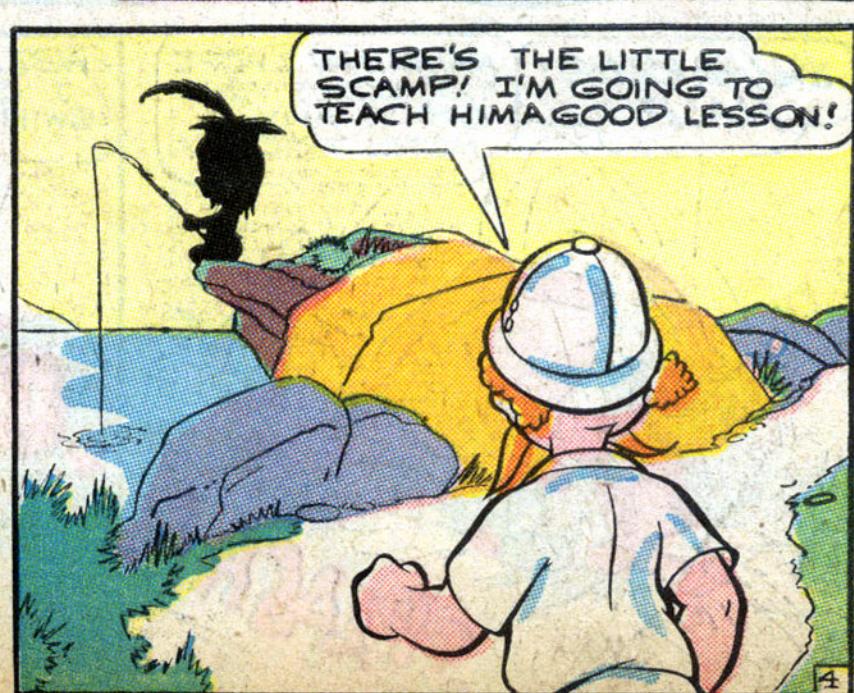
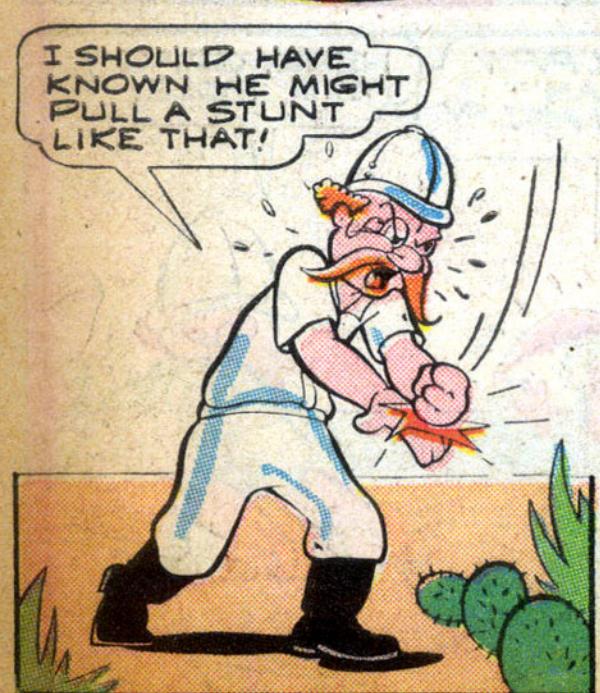
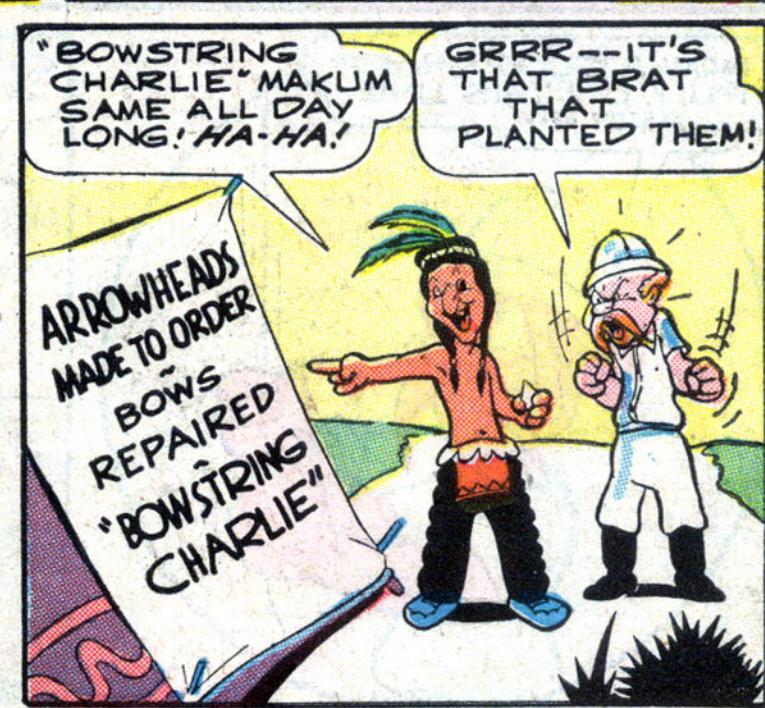
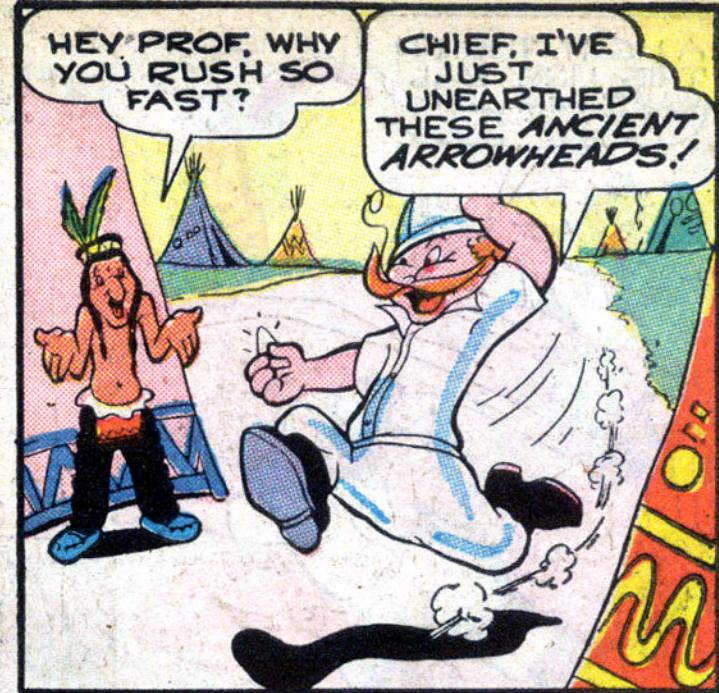
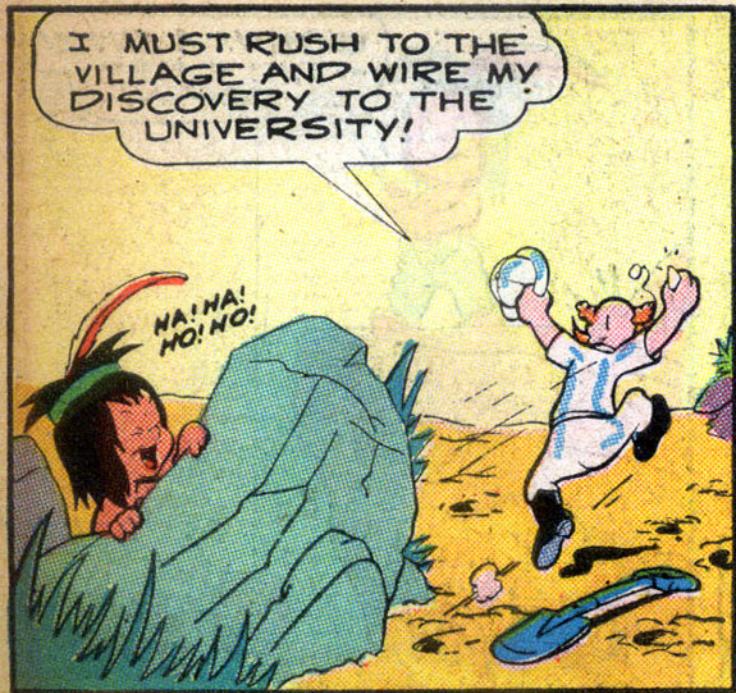


I'LL SHOW HIM SOME REAL  
ARROWHEADS EVEN IF I  
HAVE TO PLANT 'EM! HA! HA!

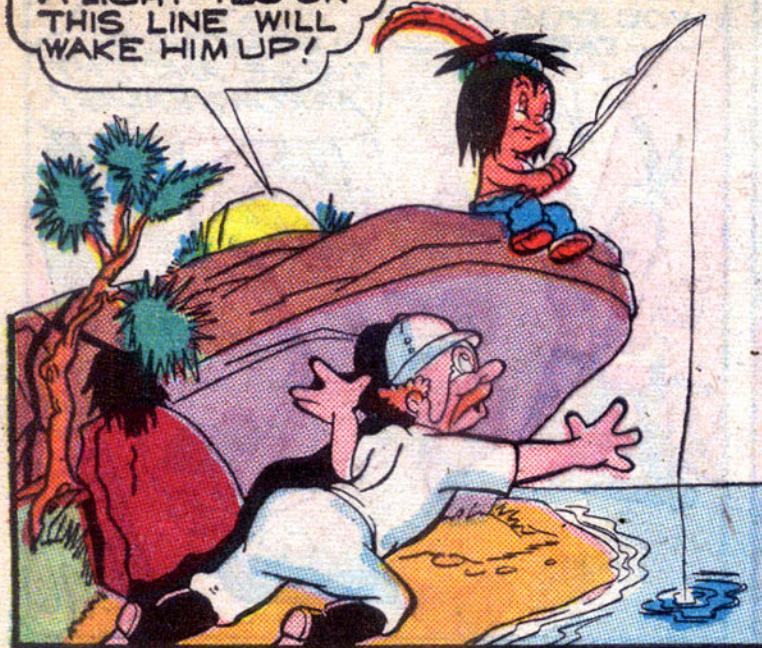


EUREKA!-- I'VE  
FOUND THEM AT  
LAST! REAL  
RELIC  
ARROWHEADS!





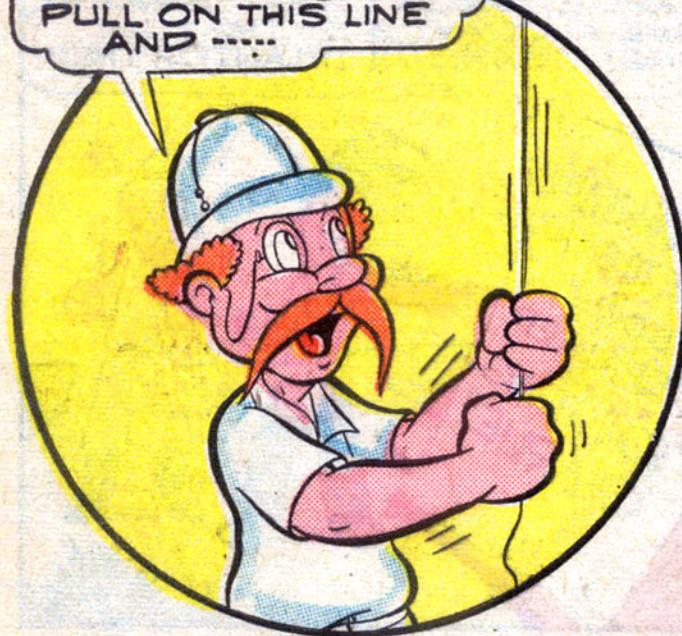
A LIGHT TUG ON  
THIS LINE WILL  
WAKE HIM UP!



GOSH! A BITE!  
-- THE FIRST  
TODAY!

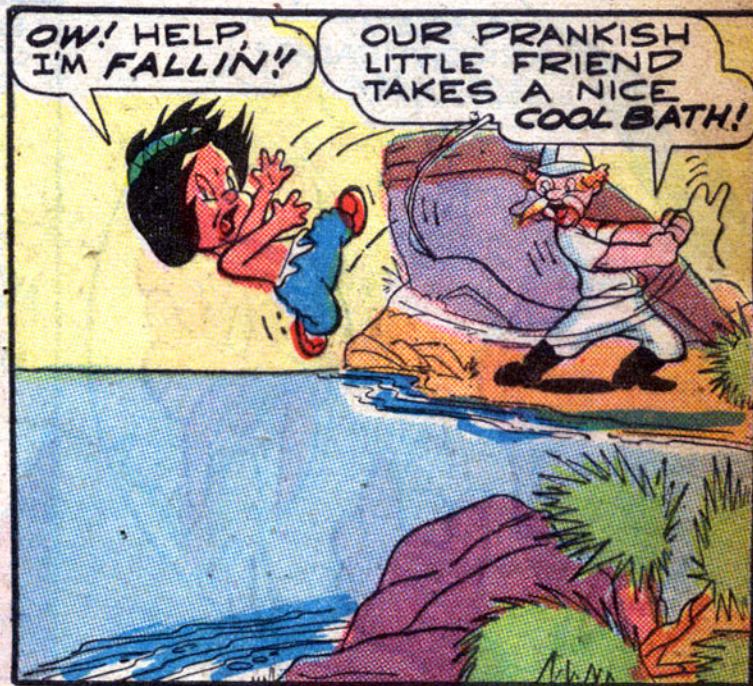


NOW A GOOD SHARP  
PULL ON THIS LINE  
AND ....



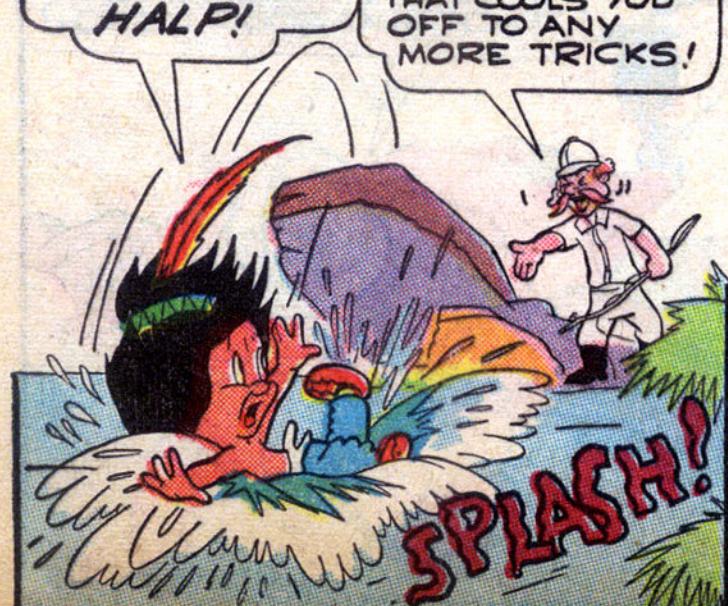
OW! HELP,  
I'M FALLIN'!

OUR PRANKISH  
LITTLE FRIEND  
TAKES A NICE  
COOL BATH!



BLUB, BLUB!  
HALP!

HA! HA! HA! I HOPE  
THAT COOLS YOU  
OFF TO ANY  
MORE TRICKS!



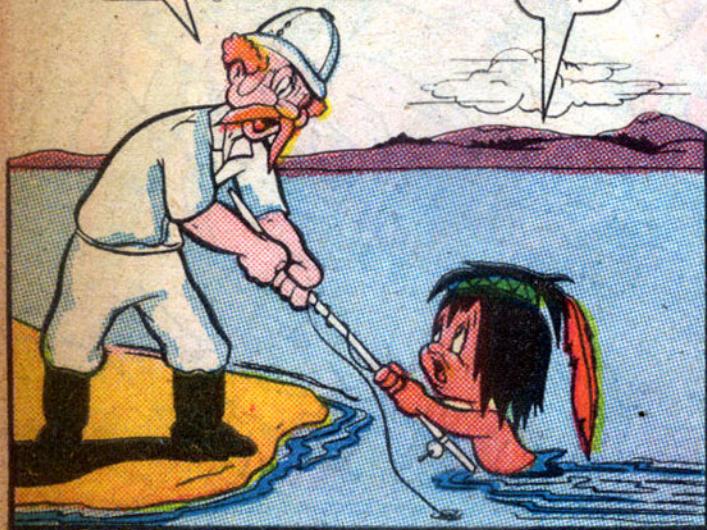
HELLPP!!  
I CAN'T  
SWIM! HELP!

HERE, GRAB  
THIS POLE!



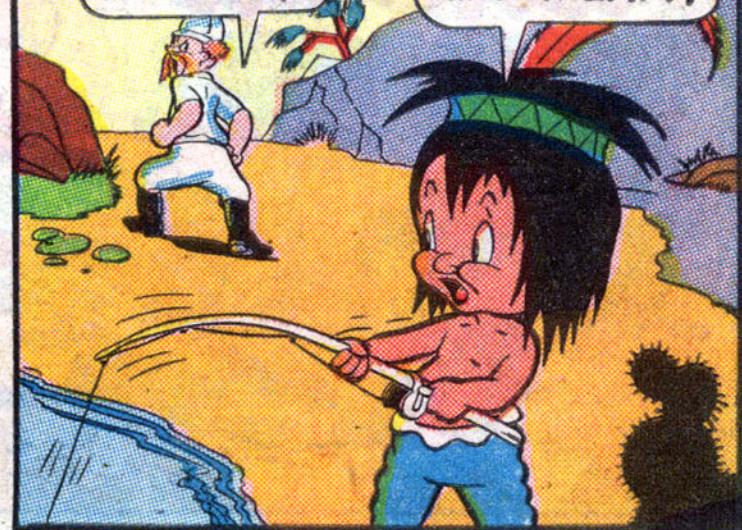
THERE WE ARE! NOW LET THAT TEACH YOU NOT TO PLAY PRANKS ON PEOPLE!

YOU ASKED FOR ARROWHEADS, DIDN'T YA?



I'M LOOKING FOR RELICS NOT SOME OF BOW-STRING CHARLIE'S MAKE UP!

PHOOEY! I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IN THIS LINE--- HEY-IT'S KINDA HEAVY!



BAH! JUST AN OL' FISH'S SKELETON! HEY PROFESSOR, HERE'S A

....REAL RELIC FOR YA!

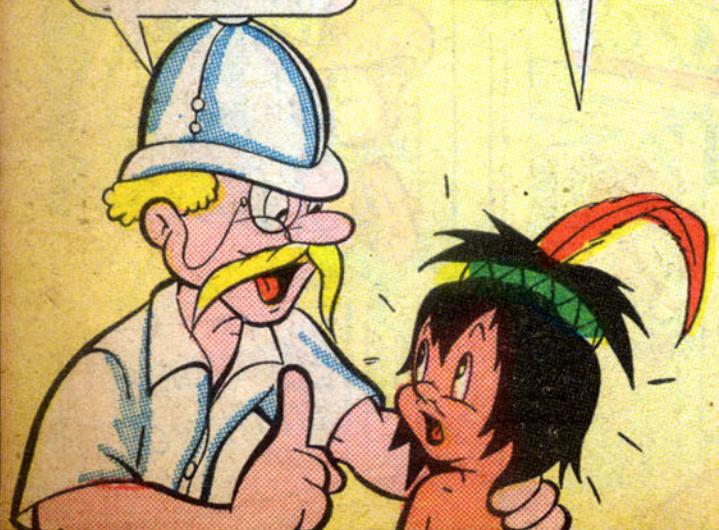


GREAT SCOTT, BOY, WAIT! THIS IS THE SKELETON OF THE LONG EXTINCT "FLUKEY FLOUNDEROUS" THIS WILL MAKE US FAMOUS!



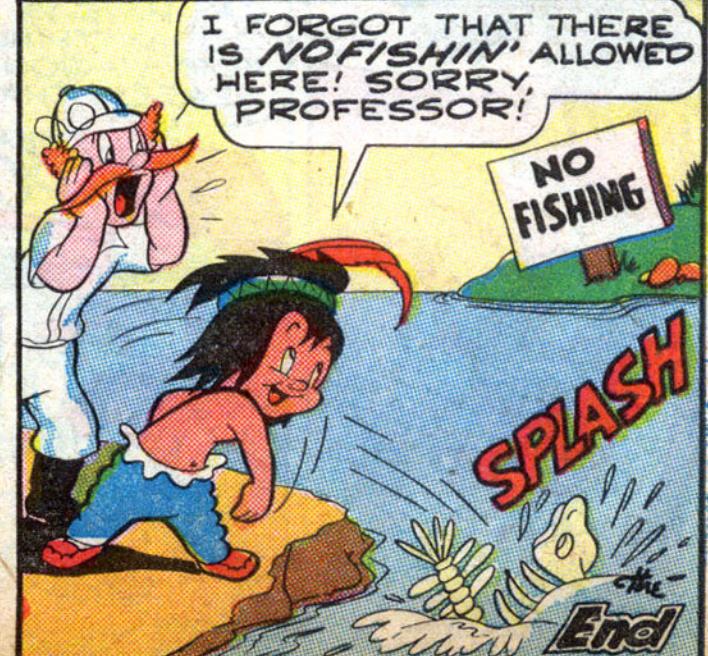
WE'LL MAKE A TOUR OF THE COUNTRY AND VISIT ALL THE SCHOOLS...

DID YOU SAY SCHOOLS?



I FORGOT THAT THERE IS NO FISHIN' ALLOWED HERE! SORRY, PROFESSOR!

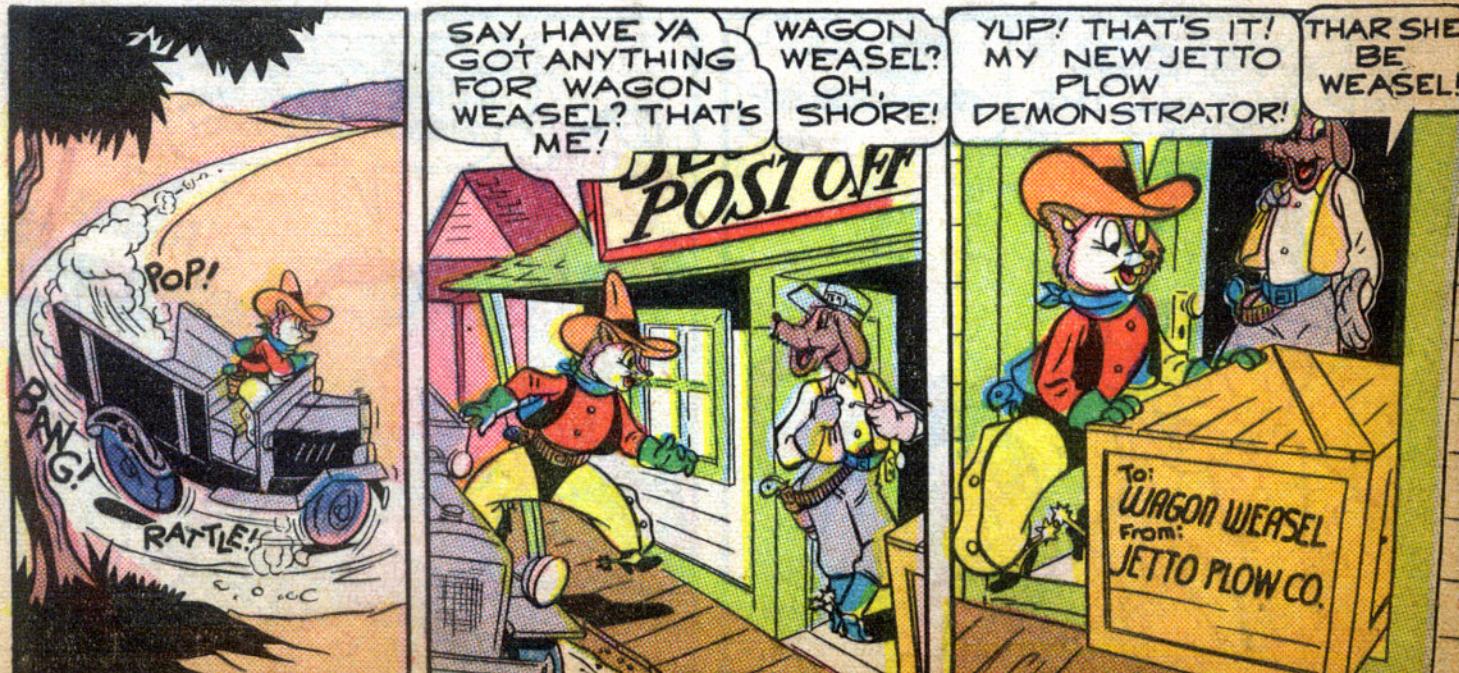
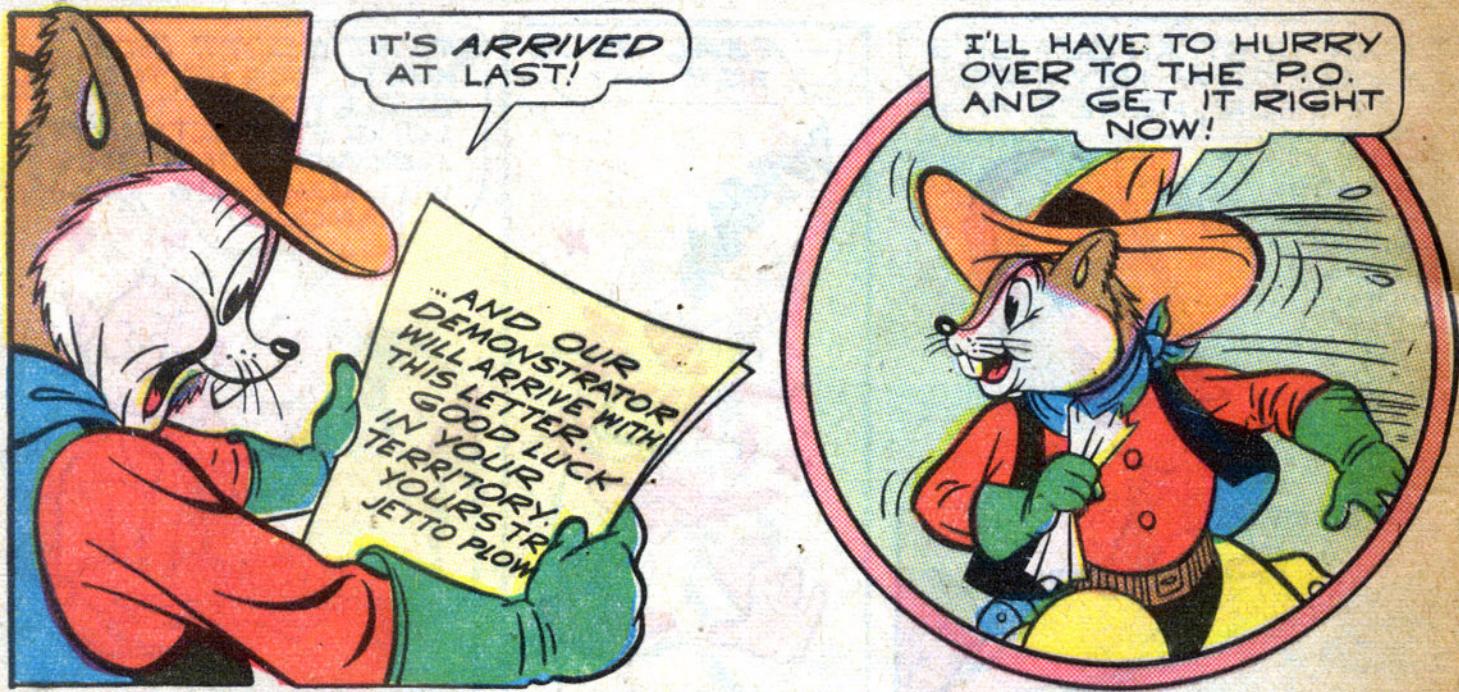
NO FISHING



the End

# WAGGIN' WEASEL

SORRY, WEASEL, YOUR CON-  
TRAPSHUN CAN'T BE IMPORT-  
ANT ENOUGH FER ME TO GIT  
OFF THIS HOSS!

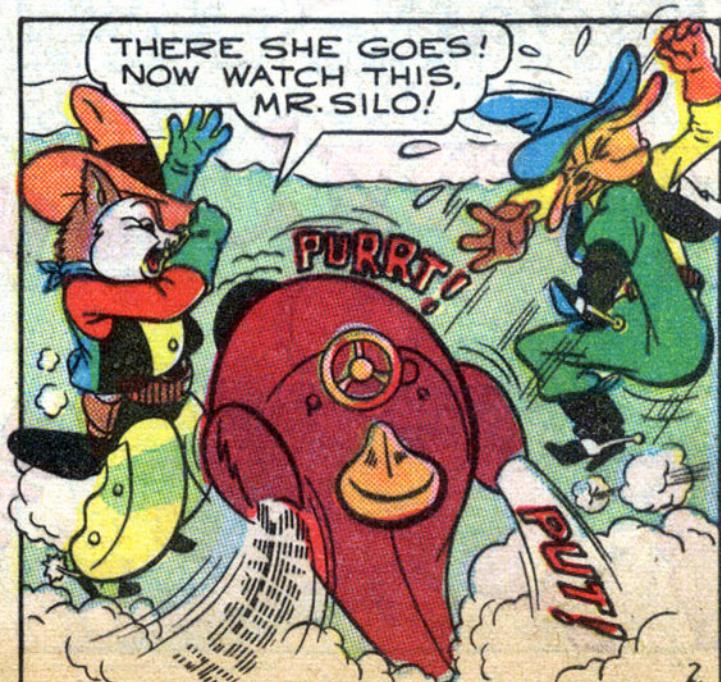
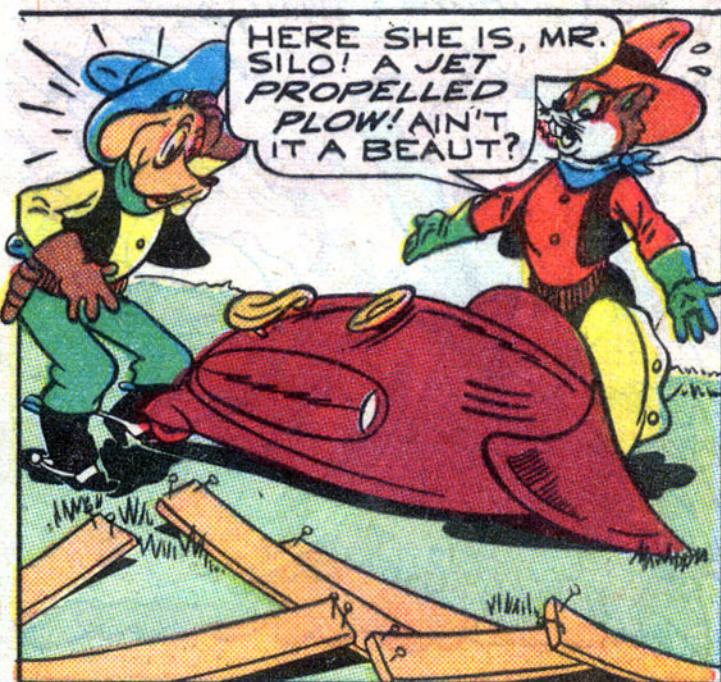
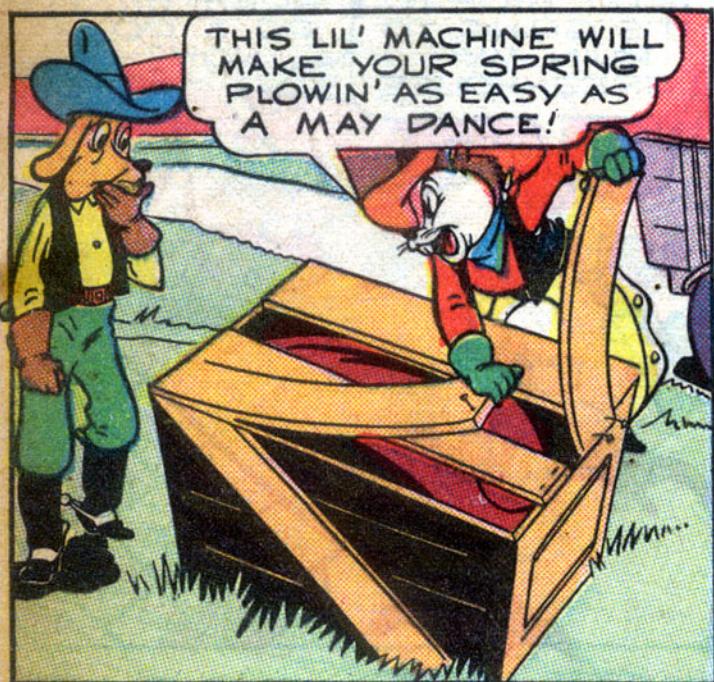
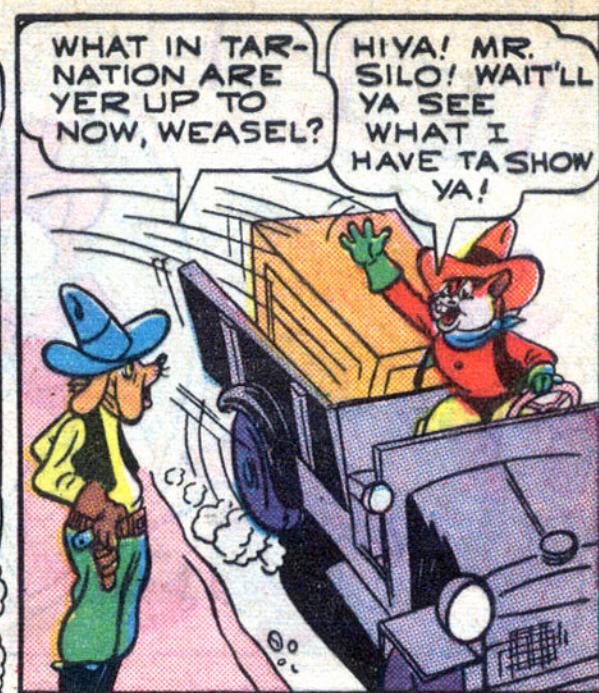
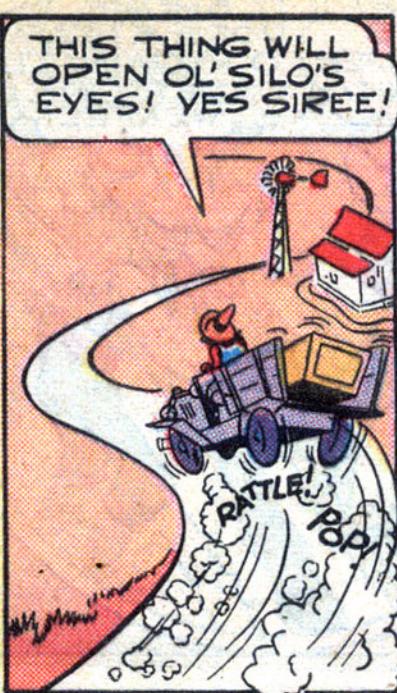
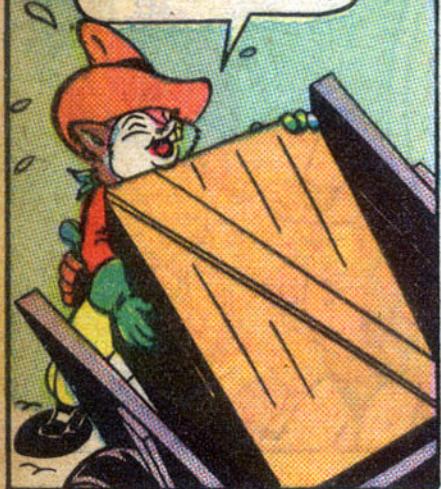


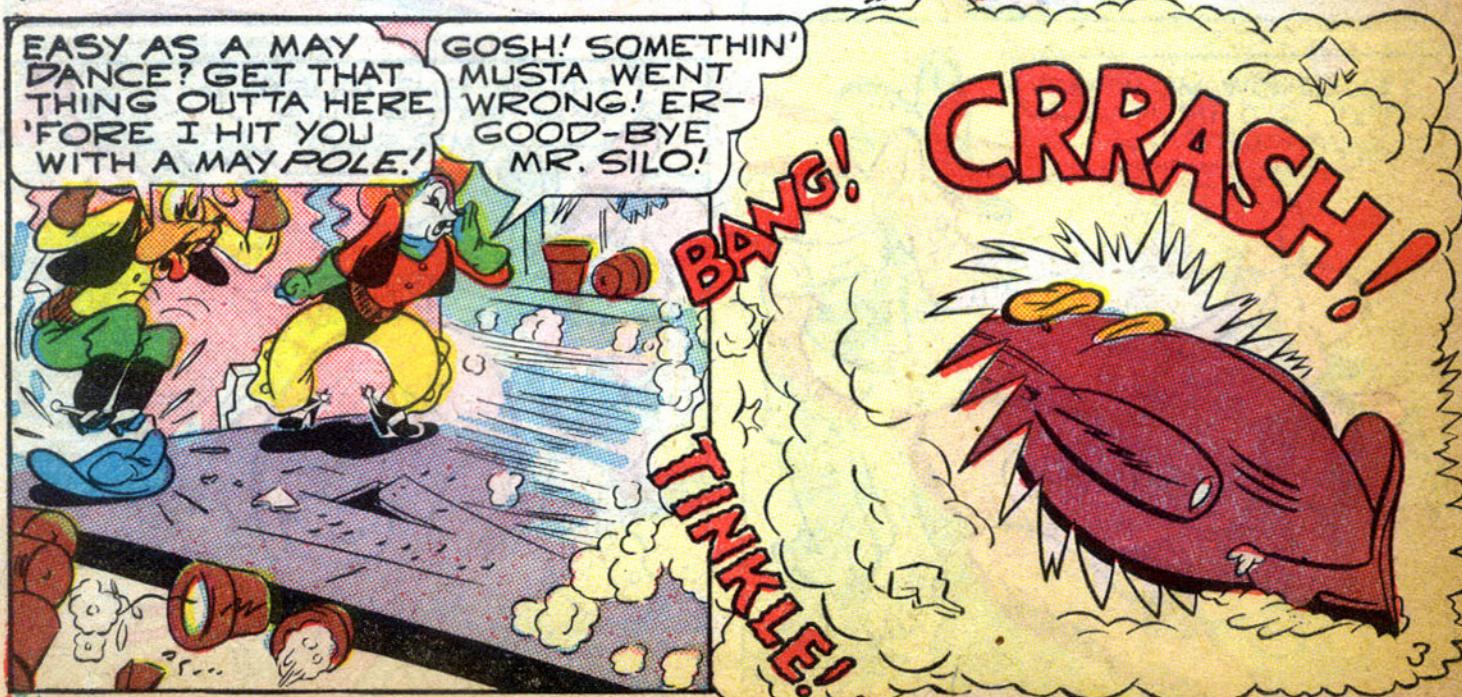
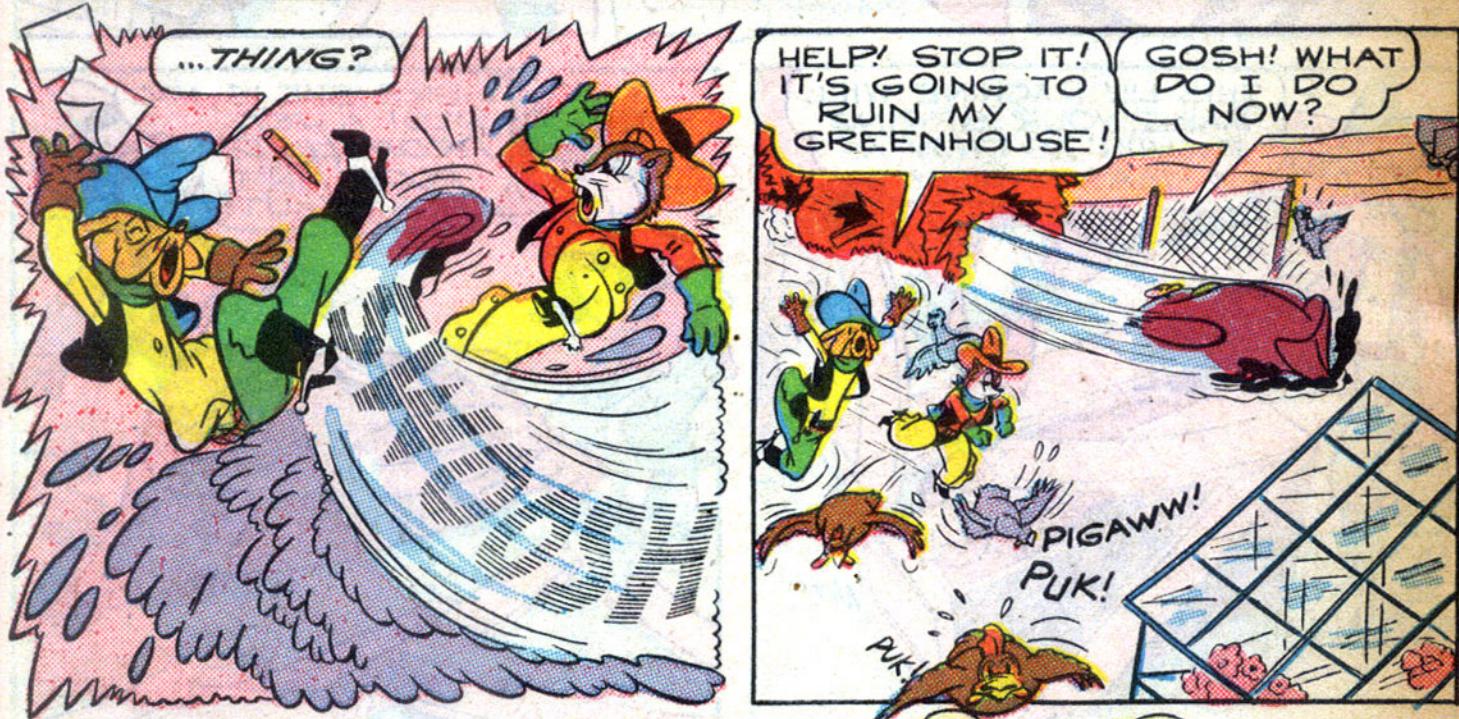
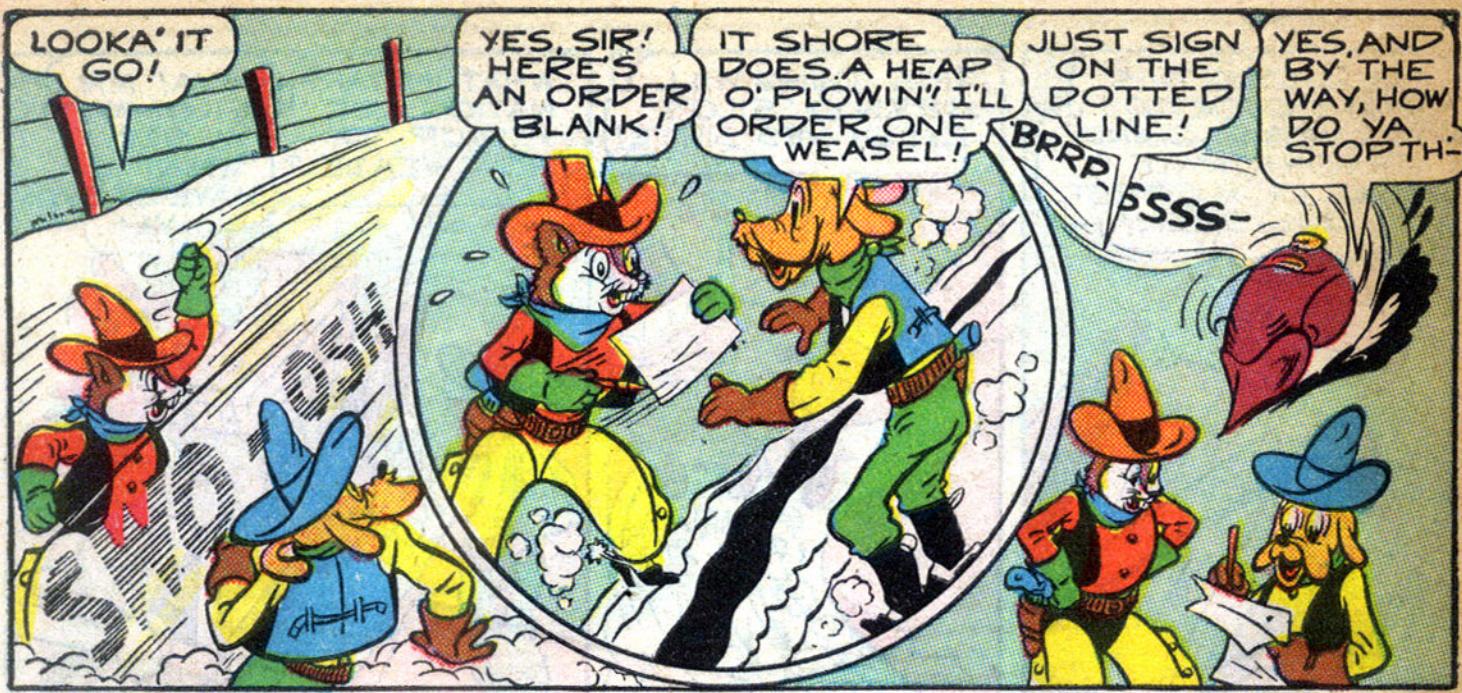
I'LL HUSTLE THIS  
RIGHT OVER TO  
FARMER SILO AND  
DEMONSTRATE IT!  
HE'LL BE MY FIRST  
CUSTOMER!

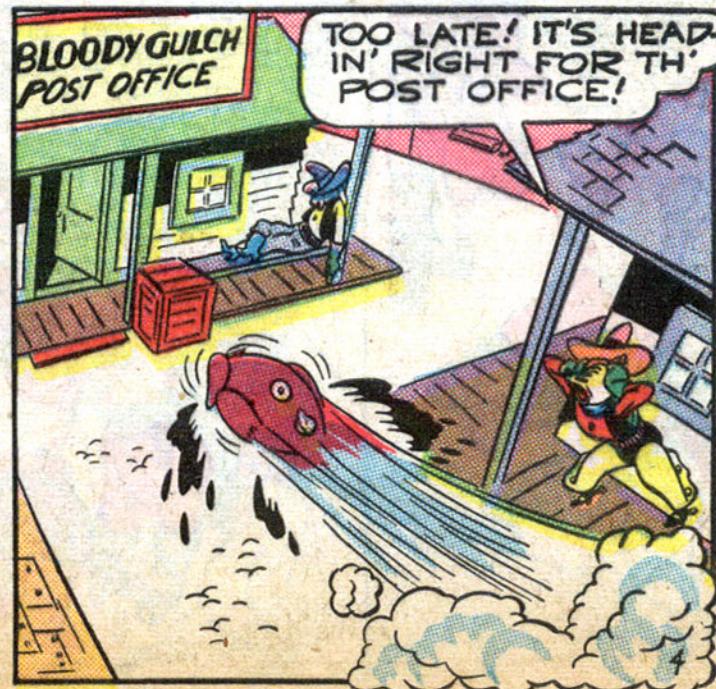
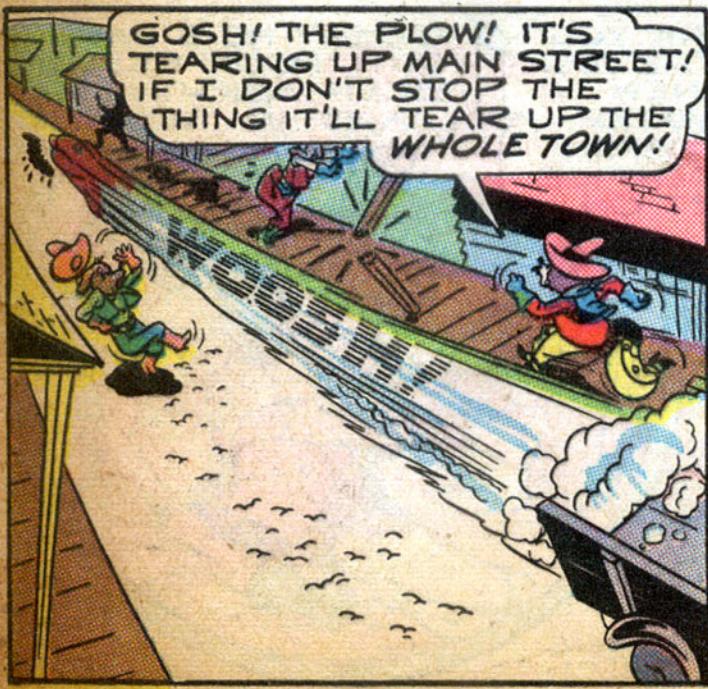
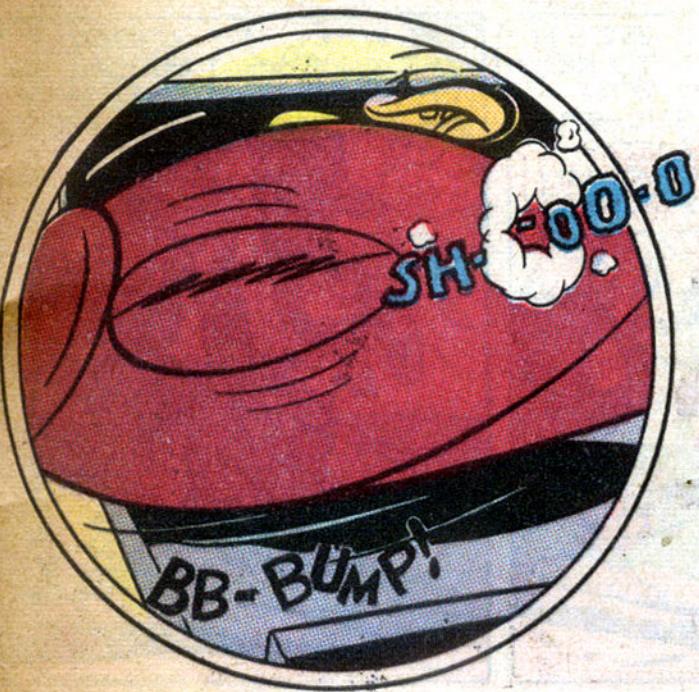
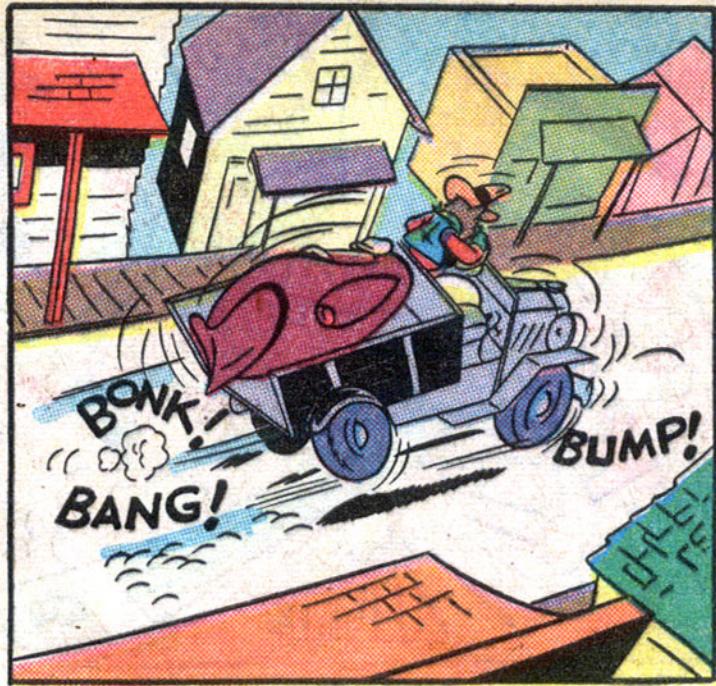
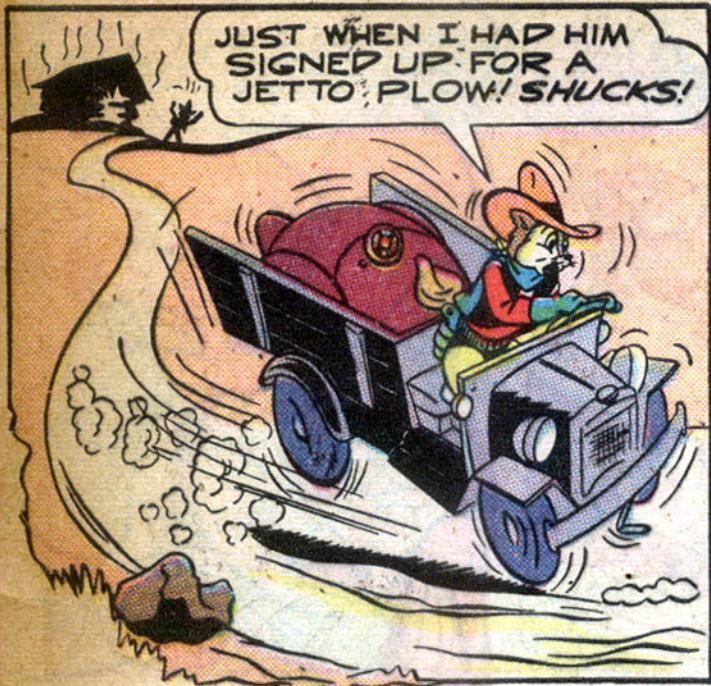
THIS THING WILL  
OPEN OL' SILO'S  
EYES! YES SIREE!

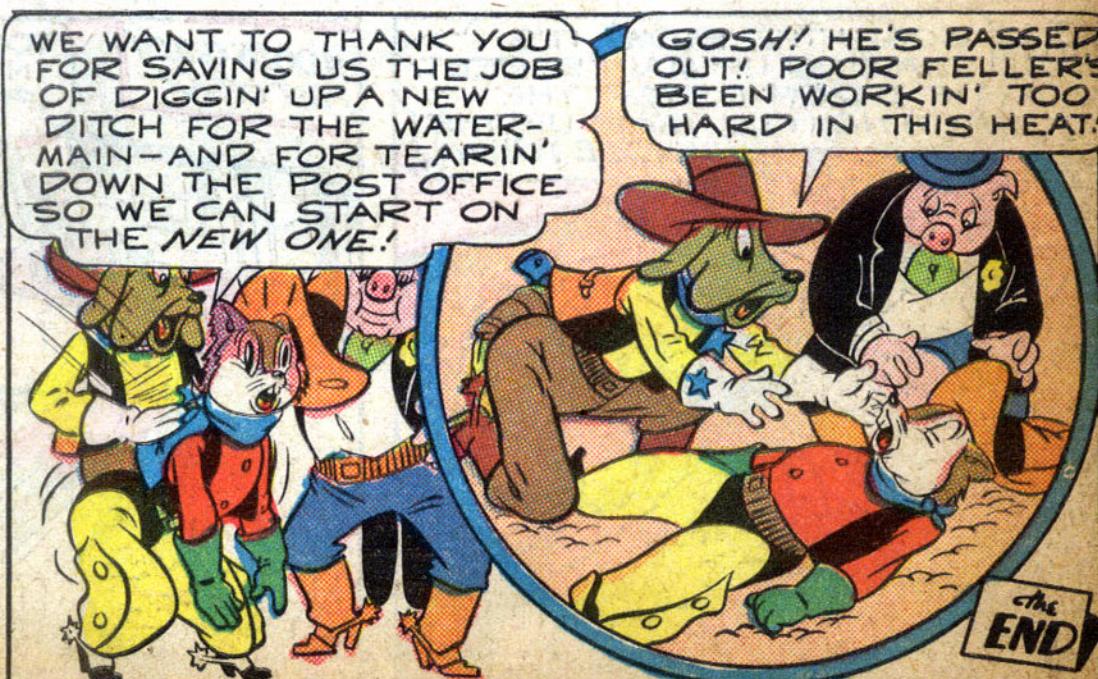
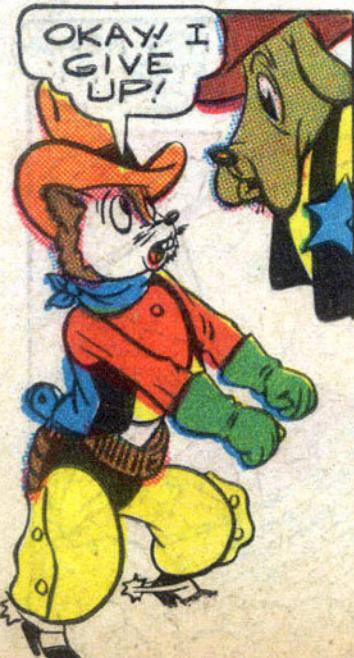
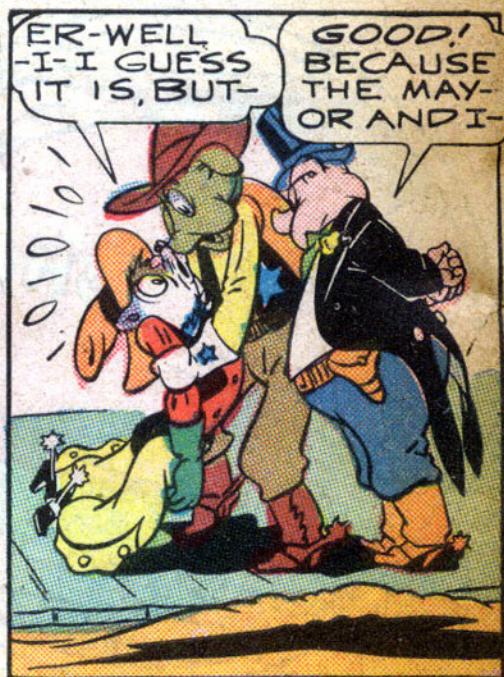
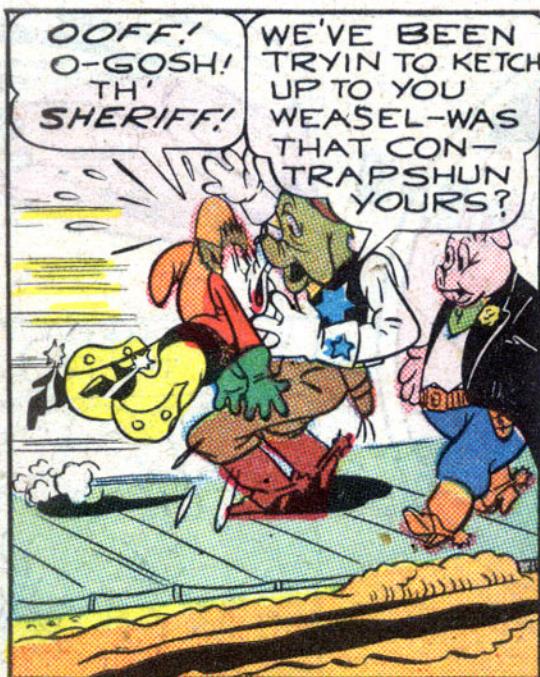
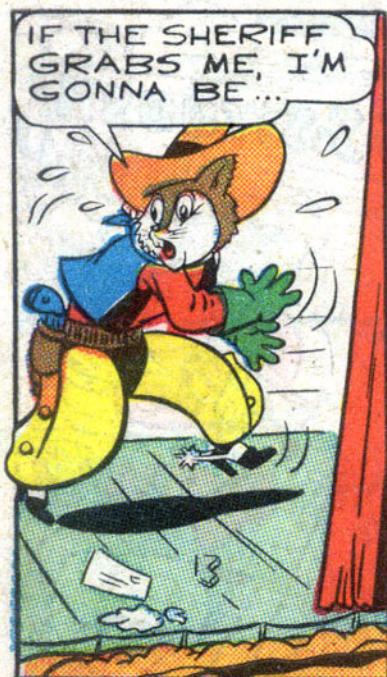
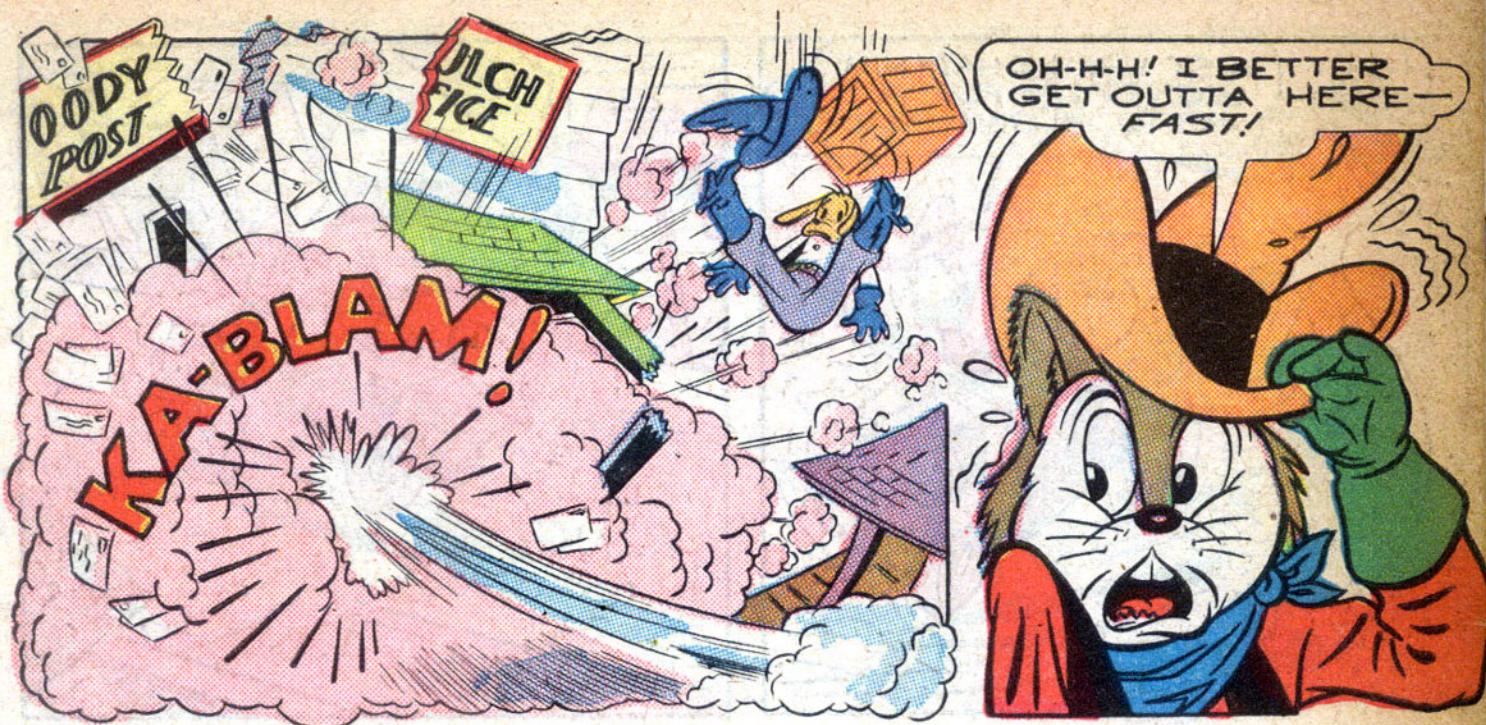
WHAT IN TAR-  
NATION ARE  
YER UP TO  
NOW, WEASEL?

HIYA! MR.  
SILO! WAIT'LL  
YA SEE  
WHAT I  
HAVE TA SHOW  
YA!









Weazel thought hard. He'd outwit that fox. And now he could just about place where that stranger came from. He came out of the North! He'd heard a man talk like that in a movie, and he came from a county called Brooklyn. Well, that was a clue!

That night when everyone was having grub, Waggin' snuck up to the stranger's room. This was against ranch rules—but the critter was a crook! Waggin' looked through the Brooklyn man's pockets and the dresser drawers. He found nothing. Only an old card that read: "Good luck in the new job, dear. Come home soon!" No signature. Found nothin'! Why this proved it. The post-card said "new job"—the job that Acme wanted to be handed over to him!

At eight sharp, Waggin' was in Sheriff Cuckoo's office, explaining the whole situation.

"As I see it, Weazel, there isn't much evidence. There's a party under suspicion. Am I right? Am I?"

"I guess so, Sheriff. But what can I do to catch the coyote? He's stealing my job!"

"I'll go up to the ranch with you, son. We'll see if he shows his hand. I need somethin' concrete to proceed on. Somethin' concrete. Am I right?"

At the ranch, everyone was gathered in the main sitting room, talking. The stranger was there, and he was doing most of the saying. The Sheriff and Weazel sat down.

"I come up here to wait for my company. When they get here I got a job. Waited for five years for this opportunity. What a break! Looks like the old luck sign is on me at last! This is the pay-off!"

Weazel looked at the Sheriff.

"Uh, I don't want to be soundin' inquisitive son, but what kind of work are you aimin' to do? Always like to know about new projects."

"Well, but, it's kinda secret stuff. Real hush-your-mouth business. You'll have the know-all when my company gets here."

Weazel looked hard at the Sheriff.

Then the conversation turned to other things—the chores for the next day on the ranch, and the coming Amateur night. Weazel got restless. He walked out into the night, leaving the Sheriff behind.

As he walked down the road he heard the zooming of a high-powered motor car. It whizzed up and came to a screeching stop. A man in city clothes leaned out of the roadster.

"I'm looking for a place called the Bar-None. Can you direct me?"

Weazel got on the running board and drove with them to the ranch. When the car stopped, Weazel asked the man excitedly:

"Are you from the Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.? If you are, ah'm the man you want, and that crook representative of yours is inside!"

"Why, no, I'm not with them at all. I am looking for a new man I had sent out here. I was told I could find him at the Bar-None."

They walked in to the sitting room and the Brooklyn man got up. "A.G.! Here I am! All delivered and drooling to take a flier at that new sharp job!"

The two men walked off to the corner and talked. Weazel told the Sheriff how the new visitor had denied any part of the Acme outfit. and yet knew the Brooklyn swindler.

Soon another car was heard driving up, and a crowd of people swarmed into the room. Their conversation overflowed with. "Darling!" "Isn't it too, too wonderful!" and many exclamations the like of which had rarely, if ever, been heard on the Bar-None. And the ladies wore silk stockings and the men had grease on their hair!

Ma Stomp came up and asked what they wanted. The first man in the car explained:

"We're making a new picture in your beautiful country, Madam, and we're going to be here for about two weeks. Think you can put us up?"

"Pitcher?" Ma asked. "You mean the flicker stuff they got in town? You from Hollystone—or whatever it is?"

"Hollywood, ma'am. And this first boarder here is our new star, imported from New York. Name of the picture is "The Dream of Brooklyn"! Terrific! Colossal!"

Weazel went to bed without talking any further with the sheriff. The crowd talked and laughed most of the night.

Next morning, Ma Stomp knocked on the door and shoved a letter under. Waggin' read it:

Dear Sir:

Pursuant to our previous notice, this will introduce our representative, Mr. Rotts.

Sincerely,

Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.

The man wanted Weazel to be the first to invest one thousand dollars in a monument to be erected in memory of Sitting Bull. As a leading citizen, Weazel was the man they thought would start the campaign.

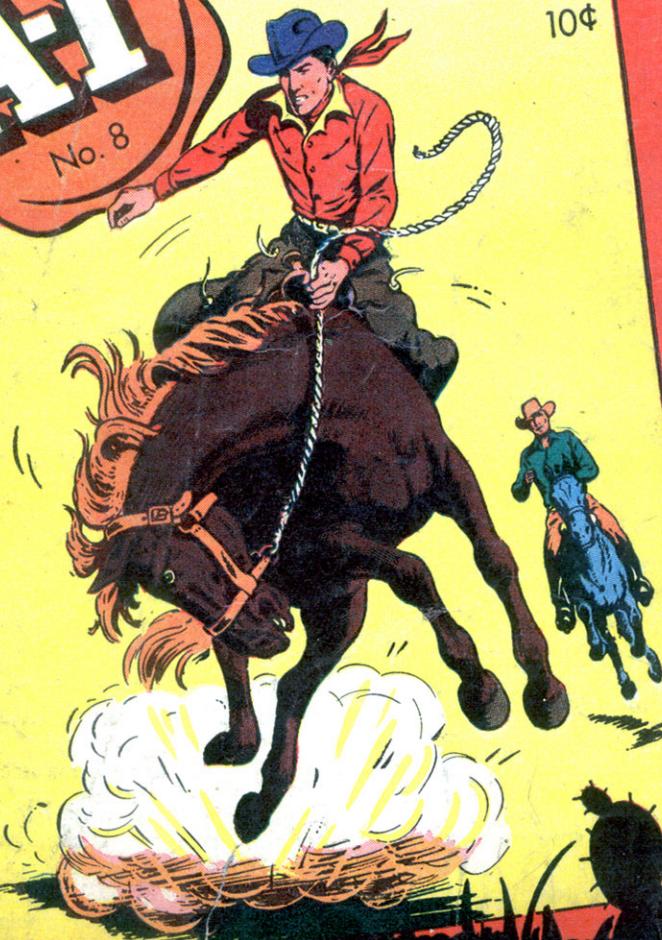
The leading citizen threw Mr. Rotts down the stairs.

watch for  
the new **A-1** !

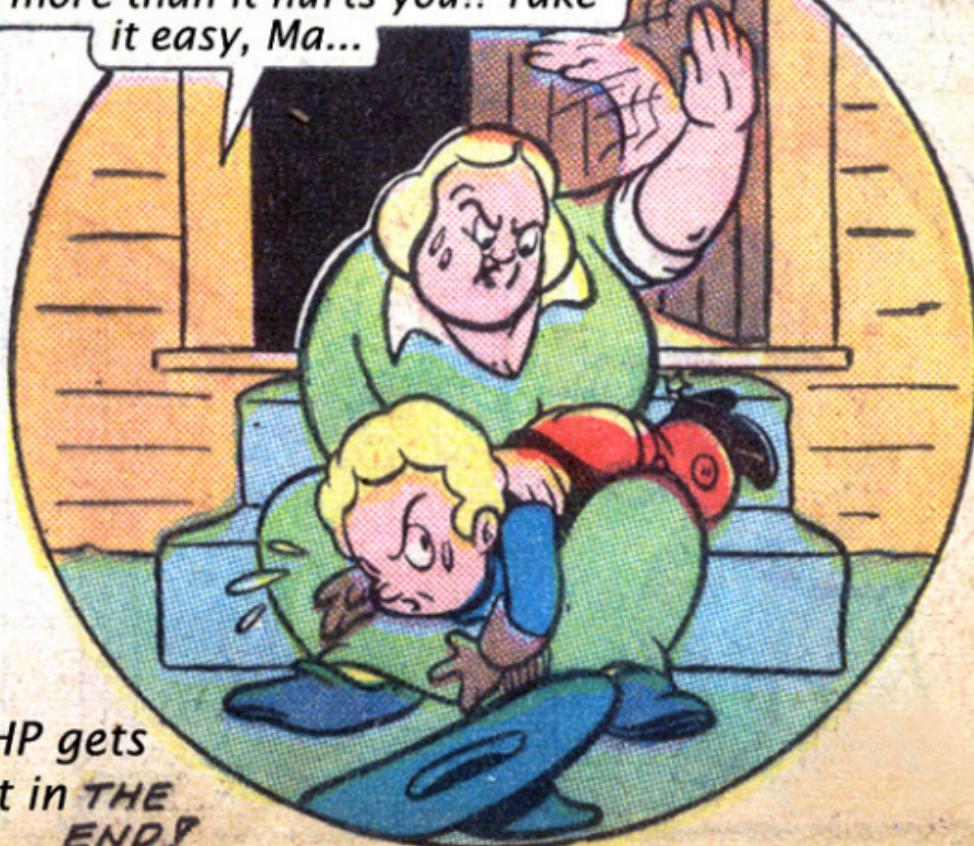


introducing —  
RODEO RYAN

10¢



**OWW!** This hurts me much  
more than it hurts you!! Take  
it easy, Ma...



HP gets  
it in **THE**  
**ENDS**!